

THE

POETICAL CALENDAR.

VOL. X.

FOR OCTOBER.



**T H E
POETICAL CALENDAR.**

**CONTAINING
A C O L L E C T I O N
Of scarce and valuable
P I E C E S O F P O E T R Y :**

**With Variety of
ORIGINALS AND TRANSLATIONS,
BY THE MOST EMINENT HANDS.**

**Written and Selected
By FRANCIS FAWKES, M. A.
And WILLIAM WOTY.**

I N T W E L V E V O L U M E S.

L O N D O N :
Printed by DRYDEN LEACH;
For J. COOTE, at the King's Arms, in Pater-noster-Row.
MDCCLXIII.

J. H. E.

OPTICAL CALCULATIONS

CONTAINING

A COLLECTION OF

PROBLEMS

RELATIVE TO THE



BY THE REV. F. H. E.

NEW YORK

AND LONDON

WILLIAM LAMSON

IN TWO VOLUMES

WOUND ON

THE NEW ENGLAND

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1850

[3]

THE
POETICAL CALENDAR.

OCTOBER. AN ODE.

THE naked grove now shivers at the blast,
While his green mantle on the ground is cast.
Bleak are the prospects of the widow'd trees,
Mourning their faded glories in the breeze;
Hark! where the barns conceal their yellow stores,
Echo repeats the labour of the floors!

Like a young thresher, on the neighbouring hill,
Her mimic strokes the distant woodlands fill;
Now in the Scorpion, Phœbus rules the day,
And Summer's painted foliage fades away,
Shorn is the verdure of the hazel-shade,
While the gale brushes o'er the auburn glade;

Now, ye autumnal beauties, mourn the time
Mispent in prudery, while you pass'd your prime!
And, ere the plum is of its blue bereft,
Be frugal of the golden hour that's left;
Yon stately pine late triumph'd in its shade,
But mark, in Autumn, how its honours fade!

The skies, prophetic of stern Winter, wear
 A sadder robe—and nipping is the air ;
 Now to the thirsty root the sap descends,
 Tho' still the bough, with golden fruitage, bends.
 Still the hale jasmine boasts its white and green,
 And annuals triumph o'er the withering scene ;

Now teem the cyder-vats with apple-wine,
 And emulate the nectar of the vine ;
 While ripe Pomona labours to produce
 A cooling beverage for the Summer's use,
 The fervor of the heated swain to cool,
 While the proud dog-star holds his tyrant-rule ;

Will Myra from her plighted promise range ?
 Shall Love's affections with the weather change ?
 No ; tho' around dismantled forests pine,
 And the gay fields their velvet gloss resign,
 Reverse of Autumn, she shall never fade,
 But ardent Truth embower us with its shade.

THE

THE FALL OF THE LEAF.

We all do fade as a leaf.

ISAIAH.

SEE the leaves around us falling,
 Dry and wither'd, to the ground,
 Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,
 In a sad and solemn sound ;

“ Sons of Adam, once in Eden,
 “ ’Till like us he blighted fell,
 “ Hear the lecture we are reading,
 “ ’Tis alas ! the truth we tell.

“ Virgins, much, too much presuming
 “ On your boasted white and red,
 “ View us late in beauty blooming,
 “ Number’d now among the dead.

“ Griping misers, nightly waking,
 “ See the end of all your care,
 “ Fled on wings of our own making,
 “ We have left our owners bare.

“ Sons of honour, fed on praises,
 “ Fluttering high in fancied worth,
 “ Lo ! the fickle air that raises,
 “ Brings us down to parent earth.

“ Learned sops, in systems jaded,
 “ Who for new ones daily call,
 “ Cease at length, by us persuaded—
 “ Every leaf must have its fall.

“ Youths, tho’ yet no losses grieve you,
 “ Gay in health and manly grace,
 “ Let not cloudless skies deceive you,
 “ Summer gives to Autumn place.

“ Venerable fires, grown hoary,
 “ Hither turn th’ unwilling eye,
 “ Think, amidst your falling glory,
 “ Autumn tells a Winter nigh.

“ Yearly in our course returning,
 “ Messengers of shortest stay,
 “ Thus we preach this truth concerning,
 “ Heaven and earth shall pass away.”

“ On the tree of life eternal,
 “ Man, let all thy hopes be stay’d,
 “ Which alone, for ever vernal,
 “ Bears a leaf that shall not fade.”

THE DECLINE OF AUTUMN.

BY W. W.

THE bosom of earth is all matted with leaves,
 The honours of Autumn decay ;
 Brown Ceres no longer exhibits her sheaves,
 To the golden-eyed monarch of day.
 With dissonant guns hills and vallies resound,
 The swains thro' the coppices rove ;
 The partridges bleed on the arable ground,
 The pheasants lie dead in the grove.

The coats of the hedges look languidly green,
 The swallows relinquish the meads ;
 Rude winter approaches with horrible mien,
 The flowrets give place to the weeds.
 The sun too is lazy, and slumbers abed,
 As loathing so early to rise :
 When risen, how dim looks his vapoury head !
 How faint he illumines the skies !

No more on the poles hang the clattering hops,
 Or form a magnificent shade ;
 No more on their skirts shine the showery drops,
 For Autumn, their nurse, is decay'd.

The gale that was wont to approach me so kind,
 Grows sharp, and flies hastily by,
 To give me sweet kisses no longer inclin'd,
 It bids the tear start from my eye.

O! see, while I speak, from the gun's levell'd aim
 Death pierces the birds of the air!
 Ye rovers, will nothing your conduct reclaim,
 And move your hard bosoms to spare?
 No, nothing—ye cry with unanimous voice,
 While ridicule falls from your tongue:
 Ye think not, ye cruel ones, as ye rejoice,
 How once the poor innocents sung.

To others such barbarous sports I resign,
 And fly to my Florimel's arms;
 Her sanctified love shall be totally mine,
 For virtue adds force to her charms.
 On the base of religion, my fair, let it rise!
 To crown us with blessings 'twas given,
 To bid our souls mount from the earth to the skies,
 And give us a foretaste of heaven.

A FAREWELL TO SUMMER.

AN ELEGY.

A Dieu fair spring! adorn'd with chaplets gay,
 Ye fields and vernal landscapes all adieu,
 Bright summer and the long transparent day,
 No more I hail the scented groves and you.

Farewell the walk where crystal rivulets glide,
 Where slender osiers waft the healthful gale,
 Where insects float along the silver tide,
 And silent rapture haunts the fruitful vale.

Where purple lawns salubrious odours spread, [dye,
 Where heath-shrubs blossom wild with languid
 Wheraround the hedge unbought perfumes are shed,
 And native beauty courts the roving eye.

Where hawthorns bud, and velvet cowslips grow,
 Where verdant banks put forth the painted weed,
 Whose vivid hues eclipse th' embroider'd bean,
 And the proud flaunters of the Park exceed.

Where Solitude unfolds her matchless charms,
 And meek Content assumes her happy reign,
 Where jocund Plenty crowns the rising farms,
 And fills the storehouse of the village-swain.

How fresh past pleasures dance before the mind,
 Renew'd in thought by winter's coming train,
 That now, like vapours on the broad-wing'd wind,
 Haste to deface the beauty of the plain.

I see, with memory's retrospective eye,
 Each rivulet's polish'd current smoothly flow,
 See blithsome May hang pearly blossoms high,
 And richly dress the flowery meads below.

See nodding orchards wave their plummy pride,
 See gardens grac'd with all the tints of spring,
 Enamell'd beds their tender foliage hide,
 'Till genial suns a warmer season bring.

What scenes can equal summer's bright display,
 When swift Aurora drives her early car,
 When glowing Phœbus gives the blushing day,
 And sends his boundless influence wide and far.

How sweet to see the flocks that crop their food,
 And skip in wanton sport around the field,
 Glad to present their bleating gratitude,
 For the green pasture that the meadows yield.

To hear the wakeful shepherd's homely strain,
 Breathe welcome sonnets to the rosy beam,
 While slumbering towns in leaden sleep remain,
 And lose substantial pleasures for a dream.

To tread betimes the neighbouring lanes, and view
 (Ere scorching heat rides on the noon-tide air)
 The grass, the trees, the vallies rob'd in dew,
 And garden plants the liquid garment wear.

There oft at morn I tun'd the rural lay,
 And with my Sylvia gently stray'd along,
 The birds sat mute on every leafy spray,
 While listening echo catch'd the flowing song.

There silent mus'd on Shakespear's tragic page,
 Of Milton learn'd to scale the azure road,
 Chanted Mæonides' poetic rage,
 And read, O Pope! thy equal thoughts of God.

Admir'd great Thomson's active skilful muse,
 That in such easy numbers scans the globe,
 Such lively colours Albion's spring renews,
 And paints the beauties of her vernal robe.

There, when the lark began her warbling song,
 And shook her pinions for the morning flight,
 Rais'd the loud chorus of the feather'd throng,
 And tower'd beyond the farthest reach of sight.

The tuneful black-bird whistling to his mate,
 Far o'er the lonely forest thrill'd the note,
 And cheerful linnets in the woods, elate,
 Rejoin'd the melting music of his throat.

Our praise reap'd fervor from the general glow,
 The pious airs inspir'd the heavenly flame,
 The thrush's plaint, the cattle's meaning low,
 With grateful joy our swelling hearts o'ercame.

Nor less at eve the rural mansions please,
 Or rural virtues charm th' exalted soul,
 Whose powers not yet enervated by ease,
 Like Newton, grasp creation's ample whole ;

In search of learning's gifts unwearied roam,
 Th' illumin'd spaces of the milky way,
 Traverse th' infinitude of nature's dome,
 The earth, its snow-top'd mountains, and the sea ;

In every part discover wisdom's hand,
 Find Deity inscrib'd on all around,
 Omnipotence and love from strand to strand,
 Far as th' encircling ocean's utmost bound.

For such, O spring ! thy fragrant breezes blow,
 Thy new-born flowers expand the crimson leaf ;
 Thy rays, O summer ! golden prospects show,
 And tinge the grain of Ceres' pointed sheaf.

For such, mild autumn rears the shooting vines,
 Bids juicy clusters swarm the shaded wall,
 Enriching crops o'erhang her wheaten mines,
 And ripen'd fruits from bending branches fall.

To such, even winter's jarring winds convey,
 The gladsome tidings of eternal peace:
 And storms, and clouds, that others blifs allay
 Their hope, their strength, their fortitude increase.

A FAREWELL TO THE COUNTRY.

WRITTEN THE MIDDLE OF OCTOBER.

A Dieu! the pleasing rural scene,
 Thick shades and meadows fair and green,
 The field adorn'd with sheaves of corn,
 The walk at early hour of morn.

Behold! with green no meads are clad,
 Behold the thrush sits mute and sad:
 No lively songster's warbling throat
 Pours joy, pours music in his note.

How bare, how naked seems yon bed!
 The pink is gone, the tulip dead:
 Where is the gay, the odorous flower,
 That lately blush'd in yonder bower?

So fade the glories of the year,
 They blossom fair, and disappear;
 And (melancholy truth!) fond man!
 Thy life's a flower, thy days a span!

Almighty Sovereign, bounteous Power,
 Whom every clime and tongue adore :
 Whose wisdom this vast system plann'd,
 And form'd the sea, and form'd the land ;

Prostrate before thy throne we bow,
 Parent of circling seasons Thou !
 Hasten far happier days—and bring
 “ One glorious and eternal spring !”

ON

ON SEEING A ROSE IN OCTOBER.

THrice happy flower, what heavenly aid
 Supports thy strength, while others fade?
 What quickening spirit makes thee blow,
 While all thy sisters droop below?
 Sure there's a spark of heavenly flame,
 That shoots its warmth throughout thy frame;
 Some inborn essence most refin'd,
 Some genial virtue good and kind,
 That makes thy blushing beauties blow,
 And thy mellifluous sweets to flow;
 That gives new life, and rears thy head,
 When all thy beauteous race lie dead.

Thou, charming rose! art now most rare,
 And would'st be quite beyond compare;
 But that my Delia, but that she,
 Is lovely, fair, and sweet like thee:
 Like thee, when other beauties pine,
 She glows with virtue, and shall shine;
 Deep in the heart the blessing lies,
 The spark divine that never dies:
 Which (when the frost of age invades,
 When on her cheek thy picture fades)
 Shall give new grace, new life, new air,
 And make her eminently fair.

ON THE DEATH OF DR. PARNE,

FELLOW OF TRIN. COL. CAM.

A T length, poor suffering wretch, thy pangs are,
o'er,

Death seals thy eyes, and thou shalt groan no more;
No more shall misery reach thy tortur'd breast,
Nor life's low cares disturb thy settled rest:
From pride, ambition, envy, malice free,
Thou feel'st no more the gripes of penury, }
Nor all the thousand pains of sad mortality.
Yet sure some decent honours to thy shade,
From learning's sons some tribute might be paid:
In the last office might there not have been
Some added grace to solemnize the scene? *
Some plaintive Muse to deck thy empty bier,
Some pitying friend to drop the tender tear?
But foes pursued thee to thy latest breath,
And malice left thee not a friend in death.

* The doctor was buried in the college chapel: It is usual, on the death of any Fellow, to carry an empty bier, with a pall over it, round the Quadrangle, the Choir walking before it, and all the members of the society behind: Verses on the deceased are usually fixed to the pall, and thrown into the grave: — But these ceremonies were omitted,

One

One eye alone I saw with sorrow flow,
 In artless full simplicity of woe;
 The faithful * rustic wept; and only he
 Reproach'd the croud for lost humanity.
 Despis'd, unfelt for, unlamented lay,
 In the rude grave, th' unanimated clay.
 And yet this trampled corse had once a name,
 Once was no stranger to the voice of fame;
 This thing despis'd was once with genius fir'd,
 Nay, by the adverse Bentley was admir'd;
 'Midst Granta's sons but lately fill'd the chair,
 Graceful, as when her Whalley's self was there.
 Foe to himself alone, his open mind [kind;
 Embrac'd, and lov'd, and would have serv'd man-
 But niggard Fortune acts by partial rules,
 And oft her bounty showers on knaves and fools;
 Once she could smile on him with glimmering ray,
 But clouded o'er the evening of his day;
 In life's decline no healing comfort gave,
 But sunk his soul with sorrow to the grave.
 By hopes too sanguine led, he met the fate
 Of all who seek the rich, and trust the great.
 He went, he bow'd, he heard, and he believ'd;
 Was courted, flatter'd, promis'd, — and deceiv'd;

* A country boy that waited on the Doctor, who was observed to cry all the time.

Find we then most to pity or to blame?
 Shall we reward with praise, or brand with shame?
 If livelier parts to venial faults betray,
 Must censure wipe his merits quite away?
 If meagre want, with deep affliction join'd,
 Subdue the reason, and unhinge the mind,
 Shall we, officious, every blot reveal,
 And judge him with uncharitable zeal?
 Or kindly weep for Nature thus decay'd,
 And o'er his failings cast a friendly shade;
 To future ages bid his virtues bloom,
 And bury all his follies in the tomb.

1751.

FABLES

FABLES FOR GROWN GENTLEMEN.

BY J. H. S. ESQ.

WRITTEN IN MDCCLXI.

FABLE I.

THE RIVER WITH A PETITION.

A Ccording to the Romish creed,
 I speak of Rome two thousand years ago,
 The life that they suppos'd the Gods to lead,
 You would not chuse to undergo.
 Jupiter's business, day and night,
 Was to attend with open ears and eyes,
 And to write down, as fast as he could write,
 All the impertinence that men devise.
 Besides mens fopperies and ravings,
 The women had so great a share,
 That their absurdities and cravings
 Omnipotence alone could bear.
 And furthermore, to try his patience,
 He heard the prayers and fanciful distresses
 Of all his children and relations,
 And of his wife and his mis-tresses.

Once on a time, if you'll believe tradition,
 A river in great tribulation,
 To Jupiter presented a petition,
 With an expostulating exhortation;
 Whereby, if the petitioner's refus'd,
 He has a right to think himself ill-us'd;
 A form of prayer contriv'd for execution,
 Exactly like a double-barrell'd gun,
 Which if you fire with resolution,
 You have another chance when one is done,
 So far from killing two birds with one stone,
 An art that's very little known;
 All the petitioner desir'd to do,
 Was to kill one with two.

Now this petition shew'd how the petitioner,
 For his fidelity, zeal, and devotion,
 Had been appointed a commissioner
 Of the revenues of the Ocean,
 Which he collected with great pains,
 And sent in good and current cash,
 But, for his trouble and clear gains,
 The Sea return'd adulterated trash:
 Wherefore he pray'd,
 Exhorted and submitted,
 That all the sums the Ocean paid,
 Shall for the future be remitted,
 And issued fair,
 Without debasement or impair.

Ungrateful Thames! the God replied,
 Without that mixture and alloy,
 Which the Sea pours into thee every tide,
 Thy beauty and thy strength would wear away.

Without his aid thou wouldst remain
 Like Tiber, or the poor pretending Seine,
 Led thro' parterres, or rolled down a cascade,
 Confin'd to vanity, and lost to trade.

'Tis thus the Highlander complains,

'Tis thus the Union they abuse

For binding their back-sides in chains,

And shackling their feet in shoes:

For giving them both food and fewel,

And comfortable cloaths,

Instead of cruel oat-meal gruel;

Instead of rags and heritable blows.

Luxury every day grows stronger;

The Highland fair

Beholds her lover now no longer

Trotting with his buttocks bare.

Thus Doctor Brown was taken with the spleen,

And fancied we were all undone,

Raving about a carpet and a screen,

And out of temper with the sun:

Because it is a crime,

As he supposes,

For men to run in winter time

Into the sun to warm their noses.

'Tis an egregious want of sense,
 A want of taste, and want of shame,
 To fancy universal affluence
 And luxury the same.

In spite of Doctor Brown's discerning,
 The term of universal will agree,
 As well with his benevolence and learning,
 As universal suit with luxury.
 He may perceive, if he be so inclin'd,
 Like his discernment, luxury's confin'd.
 For as the gout torments the hands and feet,
 To ease the nobler stomach and the head,
 So luxury, to gratify the great,
 Insults and robs the labourer of his bread.
 Luxury in a state is a disease,
 Because 'tis partial, and obstructed wealth,
 But universal affluence and ease
 Is universal happiness and health.

FABLE

F A B L E II.

THE PHOENIX AND HER LOVERS.

That every female's a coquette,
 I could as safely swear upon a book,
 As I could safely bet,

That every Frenchman is a cook.

A Phoenix, daughter of the Sun,
 Chaste as a Vestal, modest as a Nun,
 Added such merit to her birth,
 That not a bird, tho' of the highest fashion,
 No feather'd coxcomb of the earth
 Ventur'd to declare his passion.

They all agreed

No earthly bird was worthy of her love ;
 None but a bird of the celestial breed,

An angel from above.

The Phoenix liv'd so long a maid,
 'Till all her gaiety and bloom

Began to fade,

And savour of the tomb.

She mop'd, grew splenetic, and tir'd
 Of so much awe and so much state,
 Se long'd like other birds to be admir'd,
 Like other birds she long'd to find a mate.

At last she issued out a proclamation
 To summon the male birds of every nation;
 Perhaps this summons, and this longing,
 Was a political machine,
 Just like the lovers that came thronging,
 Summon'd by our virgin queen.

Now, from all quarters,
 The birds appear'd in their best cloaths;
 Nobles in stars and garters,
 Curled and embroider'd beaux.
 Some stately, others light and gay,
 One cooed, another sung and flatter'd,
 Some, like the Magpie and the Jay,

For ever chatter'd.
 About the inner ring,
 Where all the birds of figure press,
 A bat whirl'd round with leathern wing,
 To show his shape and his address,
 Offering his heart, his eyes and wings to boot,
 At which there rose an universal hoot.

The Phoenix answer'd in the tone,
 And in the self-same manner languish'd,
 As queen Elizabeth, when she was shown
 A taylor by her beauty vanquish'd;
 Take courage man, says she,
 For if I needs must have a taylor,
 I promise, without failure,
 To marry none but thee.

And

And as the queen coquetted at an age

When other queens are tame,

'Till she went off the stage,

The Phoenix did the same.

She died a great coquette, and, what is more,

Rose from the grave a greater than before.

The Phoenix and self-love are the same beast,

Within the human breast,

Which poets feign the spicy east,

She builds her solitary nest ;

From whence, with every gale of wind,

The traveller may smell the mind.

Her lovers are our passions ; these she meets,

Either by appointment or by chance,

Which if she can't indulge, she treats

With smiles and complaisance.

And as the Phoenix, from her ashes rais'd,

Returns as blooming as a bride,

So when we think it dies, the Lord be prais'd,

Self-love springs up again with double pride.

'Tis a determin'd case,

None but ourselves can occupy our place.

For this same reason, physical and clear,

Each individual of us all

Is that same Phoenix, without any peer,

On this terrestrial ball.

A Lover is a mad-man, and a miser

Not one jot wiser.

Let any try, except a lover,
 Or one devoted to his self,
 Whether in all the world they can discover
 Another self.

F A B L E III.

THE DUCKLINGS AND THE WISE BIRDS.

A Hen, one evening to enjoy the cool,
 Was walking with a brood of ducklings cal-
 Just like a mistress of a boarding-school, [low,
 With misses green and yellow.
 As she was tutoring and schooling
 This bird got loitering, and that for fooling,
 Behold a fish-pond so alluring,
 That, spite of her remonstrances and cackle,
 They ventur'd their whole stock without ensuring,
 Trusting to their oars and tackle.
 The hen kept scolding like a drab,
 Cursing her rebellious race;
 We're not thy children, cried a pert young squab,
 If we were chickens, we should have more grace;
 On Nature we depend,
 Our course she steers,
 Nature's a safer guide, and better friend
 Than any dotard's fears.

Close

Close by the pond, an antient tower
 Lifted its venerable head,
 A college and sequester'd bower,
 Where owls for ages had been bred ;
 An old professor, a great clerk,
 Taught them their talents to display,
 To keep their eyes wide open in the dark,
 And shut them in the face of day.
 To think abstractedly, to reason deep,
 And to declaim, 'till all the world's asleep.
 These students from the tower saw our young folks,
 Our bold adventurers under sail,
 They heard their clamorous mirth and jokes,
 And heard their nurse's fruitless wail.
 Observe, says one more learned than the rest,
 These birds by instinct know the season
 To sail, to eat, to go to rest,
 Just as we know by argument and reason.
 We know from reason and experience both,
 We see it every hour ;
 That governors are loth
 To part with power.
 Yon hen which you all hear,
 In such a fright,
 Undoubtedly affects that fear,
 To keep her pupils always in her sight.
 From the same principle, for the same end,
 Our tutor keeps us all thus pen'd :
Preaching

Preaching that we must not pretend to fly,
 We are too weak, it is too soon,
 Which I'll demonstrate to be a lye,
 As clear as the sun at noon.

Feet, said the subtle Owl,
 Are not the things,
 That constitute the essence of a fowl,
 So much as wings.

Whatever is essential to our make
 We soonest learn, and seldomeft mistake.

Hence that pathetic prayer, that tender call,
 By which we get our wants dispatch'd,
 Is so essential above all,

That we all speak the moment we are hatch'd.
 Nature, benevolent and wise,

Opens our mouths much sooner than our eyes.

By parity of reason meet,
 Our wings and pinions should be ready
 Long time before our heads and feet

Are firm and steady.

Therefore 'twill follow like a chain,
 That as we walk, you must confess,
 With little giddiness and pain,

If we attempt it, we must fly with less.

This reasoning philosophic wight
 Convinc'd his brethren one and all:

With one accord they took their flight,
 And fatal and untimely was their fall.

None

None of them reason'd any more,
 The young logicians lay like wrecks,
 Drown'd in the pond, or scatter'd on the shore,
 With mangled limbs, and broken necks.
 Bred in a court, or some gay city,
 The ducklings are those thoughtless spritely fools,
 O Cambridge is it not a pity,
 Strangers to thee and to thy schools!

F A B L E IV.

LA NOBLESSE DE FRANCE.

THE FIGHTING COCK AND THE CRAVEN.

A Cock, an officer of foot,
 In France retir'd into a village,
 Where he did nought but crow and strut,
 And live by pillage.
 Whene'er he had a mind
 To take his pastime with the fair,
 He was not to one wife confin'd,
 Nor to a pair,
 But, like a lord,
 Had half a dozen both at bed and board.

He

He spied a barn-door fowl one day,
Cram'd from the rump up to the gullet,
In amorous dalliance and play
With a young pullet.

His robes and train, his senatorial cap,
His size almost the size of geese,
Show'd that he had been nurtur'd in the lap
Of peace.

Bred for the bench and presidential chair,
He judg'd, he roosted, and digested there.
The military cock took as much pleasure
As an unlucky page,

To see the magistrate employ his leisure
So much below his dignity and age.

He that should set a good example!
Be virtuous and discreet!

To tread on modesty, and trample
Chastity beneath his feet!

Fine times, says he, when judges run
Seducing maidens in the open sun!

This wanton fit
Comes of intemperance and over-eating;
Which, as it soon will bring you to the spit,
Shall save your reverence from a beating.

To this reproof,
With a sly sneer, the judge replied aloof:
'Tis true, that I and all my brood,
When we have run the race assign'd,

Shall

Shall have the honour to become the food
 And comfort of mankind.
 An unexpected death
 Shall gently steal, not force away our breath.
 Good colonel, you are mightily mistaken,
 It is not owing to respect, in deed,
 That you are neither boil'd, like us, with bacon,
 Roasted nor fricasseed.
 But tho' your flesh be men's aversion,
 Yet it contributes much to their diversion;
 They give you barley, bread, and oats,
 Because they take great pleasure and delight
 To see you fight;
 To see you cutting one another's throats.
 If you escape, and are not slain in war,
 You are in a worse plight by far.
 Amongst the hogs,
 Wounded and lame, you're on a dunghill cast,
 By wanton boys and puppy dogs
 Worried or teaz'd to death at last.
 In France the land-tax is not as 'tis here,
 A tax where you appeal and squabble;
 There the nobility go free and clear,
 Like the rascality and rabble.
 The same exemption pards and tygers own;
 And the base polecat caught in gins:
 Their flesh and bone we let alone,
 And ask them nothing but their skins.

FABLE

F A B L E V.

THE DOG AND THE CAT.

Interest fascinates both age and youth,
 And, with a glance of her bewitching eye,
 Can make a minister speak truth,
 Or make a mighty monarch tell a lye.
 She can set brothers by the ears,
 And, what you'll scarce believe perhaps,
 Make sisters as harmonious as the spheres,
 And live together without pulling caps.
 'Tis she gives every one her place,
 Oft, like a blundering marshal at a feast,
 Joining a scoundrel to his grace,
 An atheist to a priest.
 Interest well understood,
 Made Solomon, makes Melcomb now declare
 That life is only good
 To eat and drink, and laugh, and banish care.
 Close by a kitchen fire, a dog and cat,
 Each a famous politician,
 Were meditating, as they sat,
 Plans and projects of ambition.
 By the same fire were set to warm
 Fragments of their master's dinner;
 Temptations to alarm
 The frailty of a sinner.

Clear prurient water stream'd from Pompey's jaws,
And Tabby look'd demure, and lick'd her paws;

And as two plenipos,

For fear of a surprise,

When both have something to propose,

Examine one another's eyes;

Or like two maids, tho' smit by different swains,

In jealous conference o'er a dish of tea,

Pompey and Tabby both, cudgell'd their brains,

Studying each other's physiognomy.

Pompey, endow'd with finer sense,

Discover'd, in a cast of Tabby's face,

A symptom of concupiscence,

Which made it a clear case.

When, strait applying to the dawning passion,

Pompey address'd her in this fashion :

Both you and I, with vigilance and zeal,

Becoming faithful dogs, and pious cats,

Have guarded day and night this common-weal.

From robbery and rats,

All that we get for this, heaven knows,

Is a few bones and many blows.

Let us no longer fawn and whine,

Since we have talents and are able;

Let us impose an equitable fine

Upon our master's table,

And

And, to be brief,
 Let us each chuse a single dish,
 I'll be contented with roast beef,
 Take you that turbot—you love fish.
 Thus every dog and cat agrees,
 When they can settle their own fees.
 Thus two contending chiefs are seen,
 To agree at last in every measure;
 One takes the management of the marine,
 The other of the nation's treasure:
 Thus L—g retir'd, thus even P—t
 His popularity resign'd,
 For a tid-bit,
 A pit-tance suited to the patriot's mind.

FABLE

F A B L E VI.

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

With malice fell
 A spider watch'd within his cell,
 Ready to fally,
 The unwary traveller to soufe,
 Like a Jew-broker in the Alley,
 Or a Dutch merchant in his counting-house,
 Like them he corresponded far and near,
 And tho' his trade was intricate and dark,
 He manag'd his affairs, and kept all clear,
 Without a partner or a clerk.
 A petit maitre, an active bustling fly,
 Thinking to scamper unmolested,
 With airy equipage as he pass'd by,
 By cruel Cacus was arrested.
 Furnish'd with that undaunted sense,
 Which only courts and camps can teach,
 Having no weapon or defence,
 Except his instrument of speech,
 The fly, with flattering soporific strains,
 Tried to benumb the spider's brains:
 Hearing such daily praise bestow'd,
 Upon your elegance in weaving,

I came to visit your abode,
 Which is magnificent beyond believing :
 And now I am convinc'd, if you will drop
 The linen trade,
 And take to weaving velvets and brocade,
 The fallad-eaters soon must shut up shop,
 Change but your diet, and, like their's, your taste
 Will grow refin'd, correct and chaste.
 As I have studied every herb and leaf,
 That's either noxious or good to eat,
 Make me your caterer in chief,
 And pourveyor of all your meat.
 Send me this instant, in a trice
 I'll bring you something savoury and nice.
 Seeing the spider smile and grin,
 He found his plot would not succeed,
 It was too thin,
 For one of that sagacious breed,
 On which he fell a vapouring and buzzing,
 Swearing the drones would take the alarm,
 And come to the assistance of their cousin
 With an enormous swarm.
 The drones and I are no such strangers,
 We know, said Cacus, what we both can do,
 They are too wise to run their heads in dangers,
 For such a busy meddling fool as you :

But,

But, since you come to spoil our manufacture,
 And poison honest traders,
 I'll hang you like a malefactor,
 To terrify invaders,
 No sooner said than done,
 He knock'd him down, and hung him in the fun.
 The spider's a negotiator,
 And an ensnaring capricious debater,
 Obdurate, subtle and alert,
 The fly a coxcomb and a prater,
 Teazing and pert.
 Tho' all such characters I hate,
 And from my soul despise,
 May we have many spiders in the state,
 When we are plagued with French and Spanish flies.

F A B L E VII.

THE WILD DUCKS AND THE WATER SPANIEL.

After a tedious flight,
 Of many a stormy day and night;
 A flock of wild ducks sailing up and down,
 Upon a lake were making merry;
 Like sailors, in a sea-port town,
 Just arriv'd from Pondicherry.

A swan too stately for sport,
 To shew herself was all her view,
 Had undertaken to escort

The jovial crew.

Swelling and bridling
 With all the airs of a fine dame at court;
 Turning about and sidling,
 Advancing, and then stopping short.

Displaying in her features
 Contempt and insolent dejection,
 To signify that those strange creatures
 Were forc'd upon her for protection.

I must confess, amongst mankind
 I have seen swans as foolishly inclin'd,
 At Paris on the Seine,

I've seen a French marquee conduct a pair
 Of German barons to the fair
 Of Saint Germaine,
 Strutting before them, tossing up his head,
 Then looking back, and lowering his crest,
 The barons were so awkward, so ill-bred,
 And so ill-dress'd.

Have you not seen a new-made peer
 With equal pride, but greater trepidations,
 Observing in his rear
 A troop of country relations,
 Run up Saint James's-street, and, at two leaps,
 Take Arthur's steps?

Those steps as terrible as the Tarpeian,
 From whence with one black ball you're hurl'd
 Into another world

Amongst the damn'd Plebeian.
 Perhaps this grave and solemn swan
 Dislik'd the company of those wild-ducks,
 Just as a prude, or sober man,
 Dislikes the company of bucks.

For while they made more noise and riot
 Than twenty justices of peace,
 The swan was serious and quiet,
 As captain Gander marching with his geese,
 Marching to the field,
 With gorget and a wooden shield.

About the middle of the lake,
 Upon the banks, a water-spaniel lay,
 Looking out for duck or drake,
 Or any lawful prey,
 And as the captain of a privateer
 Lies by,
 Nor offers to bear down, nor gives a cheer,
 'Till his expected prize begins to fly,
 Close to the shore the spaniel let them sail,
 And rush'd into the lake when they turn'd tail,
 Snorting and snoring;
 Pursuing them with all his force,
 Swearing and roaring
 'Till he was hoarse;
 He turn'd and veer'd,
 Now made a stretch, and then a tack;
 Now snapp'd, and now they disappear'd,
 And rose again a long way back:
 'Till the poor spiritless exhausted brute
 Was forc'd to give up the pursuit.
 And as the French to Toulon ran,
 And left the Spaniards in a scrape,
 The moment that the fray began
 The swan made her escape.
 Quite out of reach,
 A roan duck on the beach,
 Under a shed,
 Consider'd the whole scene with wonder,

Just like Caligula under the bed,
 Studying the cause of lightning and thunder.
 As the victorious crew pass'd by in order,

He made them an oration ;
 The roan duck being the recorder,
 Or burgomaster of the corporation.

Leave your abandon'd lives,
 Roving like pirates and Jews,
 Come hither with your children and wives,
 And settle peaceably in our mews.
 We'll take you without any fuss,
 Here we have neither law nor code,
 You're only tied to copy us,
 And go by custom and the mode ;
 You shall be fashionably dress'd,
 Protected, treated, and caress'd,
 A friseur, with an instrument of steel,
 Shall shape your wings and your toupee,
 Make them fit perfectly genteel,
 Easy and free.

As to the rest, you may gather from my looks
 Whether the air is good,
 And whether we have wholesome food,
 Or tolerable cooks.

Peace, wretch, the chieftain of the ducks replied,
 Nor with thy venal breath offend the brave,
 Freedom is as much our pride,
 As 'tis thine to be a slave.

We neither injure nor provoke ;
 We neither fear great nor small,
 Because we scorn to yield to any yoke,
 We are hated by them all.
 From pole to pole pursued,
 From pole to pole,
 Our enemies have every soul
 Been baffled and subdued.
 Lords of three elements, we can maintain
 Our freedom and possessions,
 With the same ease that we disdain
 Thy offers, and insidious professions.
 In our own virtue we confide,
 On others how can we rely ?
 When fear or hope, envy or pride,
 May turn a friend into a false ally.
 Those who depend on others ;
 Whether on males or females they depend,
 Will find the swan has many brothers,
 And sisters without end.

THE ADVICE OF AN OLD SPANIEL.

A Certain dog of middling birth,
 Frolicksome and full of play :
 Even in the height of all his mirth,
 Delicate, as well as gay :
 With far more feeling for his friend,
 Than they could either taste or comprehend. —

Being thrown into the world betimes,
 Betimes discover'd it was all a cheat,
 Yet not so dangerous for odious crimes,
 As odious for malice and deceit,
 Oft, when he meant to have amus'd
 His friends with a conceit, or harmless jest,
 By many he was snarl'd at and abus'd,
 And slighted even by the best.

Oft, when half-starv'd, he found a bone,
 Or something hid,
 Instead of eating it alone,
 As others did,

He ran to share his daily bread,
 Unsought ;
 With those that were much better fed
 Than taught,

His daily bread they seiz'd ;
 And drove him from their mess,
 More disappointed and displeas'd
 With their ingratitude than his distress.

It is a maxim amongst dogs,
When they have the address and skill,
To slip their collars and their clogs,
And leave their friends that use them ill.

To avoid anxiety and strife
Tray was resolv'd to try a country life.

A country dog, I think,
Is exactly like a country squire,
They both are only fit to sleep and stink

By their own fire,
And when awake are only good
To yelp and halloo in a wood.

Their joys,
And conversation are the same,
'Tis all a clamour and a noise,
And all the noise and clamour about game.
Three words compose their whole vocabulary,
A fox, a hare, and a fine scenting day,
Whether they are serious or merry,

'Tis all they have to say :
In short they never are so entertaining,
As when they're fast asleep, or feigning.

To quit such friends as these,
One would not grieve,

Tray parted from them with great ease,
Without so much as taking leave,

Consults his grandfire, by profession,
 A spaniel;
 For judgment and discretion,
 A perfect Daniel.
 Benign and mild;
 He heard his grandson's grievances, and smil'd.
 Grandson, said he, I do conceive,
 If you had known the world, and how things go,
 But half as much as you believe;
 Which is twice as much as I believe you know;
 You would not have complain'd,
 That dogs behave to one another,
 When they are unchain'd,
 Like every creature to his brother.
 Say, dupe of a rash confidence and trust,
 If you lie open and unguarded,
 Is it not just,
 That vigilance should be rewarded?
 'Twas neither Nature's call,
 Nor my instruction,
 To trust your friends at all;
 Much less, to trust them to your own destruction:
 A painful and severe attention,
 Is but a necessary fence,
 To every dog of sense,
 Against deceit and circumvention,

A task from which you hop'd to be reliev'd
 By trusting to your friends :
 You are deceiv'd,
 Acting as much as they for your own ends,
 All the world knows,
 That friendship's a meer sound ;
 A sound that hardly can impose
 Upon a puppy hound.
 Nature is not to blame,
 Flatter'd by cunning, indolence invented
 That foolish name,
 By which so many fools are circumvented.
 Happiness you'll seldom find,
 Unless you learn
 To have no weighty interest, or concern,
 With those of your own kind.
 Unless you learn, (if it is not too late)
 That they are neither worth your love nor hate,

A PRESENT TO A YOUNG LADY WITH
A PAIR OF STOCKINGS.

BY ———.

FELLOW OF ——— CAMBRIDGE.

TO please the Fair, what different ways
Each lover acts his part ;
One tenders snuff, another praise,
A toothpick, or a heart !

Alike they all, to gain their end,
Peculiar arts disclose ;
While I, submissive, only send
An humble pair of hose.

Long may they guard, from cold and harm,
The snowy limbs that wear 'em,
And kindly lend their influence warm
To every thing that's near 'em.

But let it not be faulty deem'd,
Nor move your indignation,
If I a little partial seem'd
In gifts or commendation :

Each

Each fair perfection to display
 Would far exceed my charter,
 My humble Muse must never stray
 Above the knee or garter:

And who did e'er a subject view
 So worthy to be prais'd,
 Or from so fair foundation knew
 So fine a structure rais'd?

Thou learned leach, sage Kember, say,
 (In spite of drugs and plaisters)
 You who can talk the live-long day
 Of buildings and pilasters:

You who for hours have rov'd about
 Thro' halls and colonades,
 And scarce would deign to tread on aught
 But arches and arcades:

Did you, in all your mazy rounds,
 Two nobler pillars view?
 What yielding marble ere was found
 So exquisitely true?

The swelling dome, with stately show,
 May many fancies please,
 I view content what lies below
 The cornice of the frieze:

The lovely twins, so white so round,
 That bear the noble pile,
 Must soon proceed from Venus' mound,
 Or from Cythera's isle.

Propitious Fates preserve them safe,
 And keep them close together,
 And grant they may the malice brave
 Of man as well as weather.

From luckless love, or rancour base,
 May never harm attend 'em,
 And grant, whatever be the case,
 That I may still defend 'em.

By gentle, generous love, 'tis true,
 They never can miscarry,
 No ill can come, no less ensue
 From honest, harmless Harry.

But should a knight of greater heat
 Precipitate invade,
 Believe me, Bell, they then may need
 Some seasonable aid.

O may I ready be at hand
 From every harm to screen 'em,
 Then, Samson-like, I'll take my stand,
 And live, or die between 'em.

THE COPPER FARTHING.

BY MRS. PENNINGTON. *

HAppy the boy, who dwells remote from school,
 Whose pocket or whose rattling box contains
 A copper farthing ! he nor grieving hears
 Hot cheefe-cakes cried, nor savoury mutton-pies ;
 But with his play-mates, in the dusk of eve, [hies ;
 To well-known blacksmith's shop, or churchyard
 Where, mindful of the sport that joys his heart,
 Marbles or chuck, he instantly begins,
 With undissembled pleasure in his face,
 To draw the circle, or to pitch the dump :
 While I, confin'd within the hated walls
 Of school, resounding with a clamorous din,
 By still more hated books environ'd, I,
 With tedious lessons and long task to get,
 My dismal thoughts employ ; or wield my pen
 To mark dire characters on paper white :
 Not blunter pen or stranger character
 Uses the sage, a chiromancer hight,
 Sprung from Egyptian king, and swarthy race,
 Amenophis or Ptolemy, when he,
 In search of stolen calf, or money lost,

* See her character in Poet. Cal. vol. 7. p. 30.

For wondering ploughman does his art employ ;
 Or for the wish'd return of sweet-heart dear,
 Or apron fine, purloin'd from hawthorn hedge,
 For country-maid consults directing stars,
 Gemini, Taurus, or chill Capricorn.

Thus while my lingering hours I joyless spend,
 With magisterial look, and solemn step,
 Appears my schoolmaster, tremendous wight,
 Dreaded by truant boys ; how can I 'scape
 Th' expected punishment for talk ungot ?
 Aghast I stand, nor fly to covert bench,
 Or corner dark, to hide my hapless head ;
 So great my terror, that it quite bereaves
 My limbs the power to fly ; slow he ascends
 Th' appointed seat, and on his right-hand lies
 The bushy rod, compos'd of numerous twigs,
 Torn from the birchen tree, or bending willow,
 Which to the flesh of idle boys portends,
 For the neglected task, a poignant smart ;
 And with him comes another mighty elf,
 Yclep'd an usher ; ah terrific name
 To lesser wights ! who, if they haply place
 In station wrong, pronoun or participle,
 Strait, by the magic of his voice, are rais'd
 In attitude above their lov'd compeers,
 Where they, reluctant, various torments bear,
 'Till by their dolorous complaints, that pierce the skies,
 They draw kind Pity, moist-eyed Goddess, down,

To heal, with balm of sympathy, their woe.
 Ye urchins, take, ah! take peculiar care,
 For, when ye wot not, much he marks your ways,
 And in his mind revolves disastrous deeds
 Against th' unwary wretch. So story tells,
 That chanticleer, on dunghill's top elate,
 With haughty step, and watchful eye askance,
 Each tiny prominence he views, where haply he
 May find conceal'd delicious grub or worm,
 To which his maw insatiate forebodes
 Certain destruction, while behind or bush
 Or pale, encompassing the farmer's yard,
 Skulks Reynard, fraught with many a crafty wile
 T' ensnare the feather'd race, who, if they stray
 Beyond the precincts of their mother's ken,
 He strait purloins them from her careful wing,
 With his sharp teeth torments their tender frame,
 And with the crimson gore distains their sides,
 Relentless; nor can all the piercing cries
 Of duckling, chick, or turkey, yet unsledg'd,
 His heart obdurate move; instant he tears
 Each trembling limb, devours the quivering flesh,
 Nor leaves a remnant of the bloody feast,
 Save a few fluttering feathers scatter'd round,
 (That, with their varied plumage, whilom deck'd
 The slaughter'd prey) to tell the hapless tale.

Thus

Thus joyless do I spend those hours the sun
 Illuminates; and when the silver moon
 Her gentle ray dispenses, and invites
 The swains and maids to mix in jovial dance,
 Around the towering may-poles of the green,
 Where each gay ploughman does his partner chuse
 As love or fate directs; or o'er the lawn
 The needle thread, or toss the bounding ball,
 All cheerless I, nor dance nor pleasing sport,
 Nor social mirth, nor bowl of nappy ale,
 Partake; but, on her drooping raven wing,
 Sad melancholy hovers o'er my head,
 Pale envy rankles deep within my breast,
 And baneful venom sheds. Grim horror too
 Attends my thoughts, and fills my gloomy mind
 With tales of gliding sprites, in milk-white shrouds
 Array'd, and rattling chains and yelling ghosts
 Irascible! or Fancy, mimic queen,
 To swift imagination's eye presents
 A group of tiny elves, in circling dance,
 Or luscious feast employ'd; such elves as danc'd
 When Oberon did fair Titania wed;
 While I, in wishes impotent and vain,
 For liberty, dear object of my hopes,
 The tedious moments spend; or if, perchance,
 Morpheus involk'd, my heavy eyelids close,

Dear liberty still haunts my sleeping thoughts,
 And in a short-liv'd dream those joys I taste,
 Which waking are denied ; and beat the hoop
 With dexterous hand, or run with feet as swift
 As feather'd arrow flies from archer's bow ;
 'Till, from my slumber wak'd, too soon I find
 It was illusion all, and mockery vain.

Thus, comfortless, appall'd, forlorn, I pass
 The tardy hours, nor of those viands taste,
 Which are on other boys full oft bestow'd
 In plenteous manner, by the liberal hand
 Of friend indulgent ; apple-pye, or tart,
 Or trembling custard of delicious gout,
 Or frothy syllabub in copious bowl :
 Hard fate for me ! yet harder still betides
 Me, hapless youth ! my faithful top, that oft
 Has cheer'd my drooping spirits, and reviv'd
 My saddening thoughts, when o'er the pavement
 It spins, and sleeps, and to its master's hand [smooth
 Does ample justice, now, alas ! become
 To all the rude inclemencies of weather,
 To time and destiny's relentless doom
 A miserable victim, quite decay'd
 With many services, and cleft throughout,
 All useless lies ; ah ! sight of saddest woe
 To wretched me, of every hope bereft,

Of every gleam of comfort. So the wretch;
 Who near or *Ætna* or *Vesuvius* dwells,
 Beholds the sulphurous flames, the molten rocks,
 And feels the ground trembling beneath his feet,
 'Till, with a horrid yawn, it opens wide
 Before his eyes, all glaring with affright;
 Swallows his cultur'd vines, his gardens, house,
 With all his soul held dear, his lovely wife,
 And prattling babes, the hopes of years to come;
 All, all are lost, in ruin terrible!

NEW-MARKET. A SATIRE.

HIS country's hope, when now the blooming heir
 Has left the parent's, or the guardian's care;
 Fond to possess, yet eager to destroy,
 Of each vain youth, say, what's the darling joy?
 Of each fond frolic what the source and end,
 His sole and first ambition what? — to spend.

Some 'squires, to Gallia's cooks most dainty dupes,
 Melt manors in ragouts, or drown in soups.
 This coxcomb doats on fiddlers, till he sees
 His mortgag'd mountains destitute of trees;
 Convinc'd too late, that modern strains can move,
 With mightier force than those of Greece, the grove.
 In headless statues rich, and useless urns,
 Marmoreo from the classic tour returns;
 So poor the wretch of current coin, you'd laugh —
 He cares not — if his * Cæsars be but safe.
 Some tread the slippery paths of love's delights,
 These deal the cards, or shake the box at White's.
 To different pleasures different tastes incline,
 Nor the same sea receives the rushing swine.
 Tho' drunk alike with Circe's poisonous bowl,
 In separate flies the mimic monsters roll.

* Antique medals.

But would ye learn, ye leisure-loving 'squires,
 How best ye may disgrace your prudent fires;
 How soonest soar to fashionable shame,
 Be damn'd at once to ruin—and to fame;
 By hands of grooms ambitious to be crown'd,
 O greatly dare to tread Olympic ground!
 Where fam'd New-Market spreads her tempting
 There let the chosen steed victorious strain; [plain,
 Where not * (as erst was sung in manly lays)
 Men fly to different ends thro' different ways;
 Thro' the same path, to the same gaol ye run,
 And are, at once, undoing and undone.
 Forfeit, forget friends, honour, and estate,
 Lose all at once—for what?—to win the plate:
 All are betray'd, and all alike betray,
 To your own beasts, Actæon-like, a prey.

What dreams of conquest flush'd Hilario's breast,
 When the good knight at last retir'd to rest!
 Behold the youth with new-felt rapture mark
 Each pleasing prospect of the spacious Park:
 That Park, where beauties undisguis'd engage,
 Those beauties less the work of art than age;

* Alluding to those well-known lines of Sir John Denham,
 in Cooper's Hill, on London.

“ —Thro' several ways they run,

“ Some to undo, and some to be undone.”

In simple state, where genuine Nature wears
 Her venerable dress of antient years ;
 Where all the charms of chance with order meet,
 The rude, the gay, the graceful and the great.
 Here aged oaks uprear their branches hoar,
 And form dark groves, which Druids might adore ;
 Pride and support of Britain's conquering cross,
 Which distant ancestors saw crown'd with moss :
 With meeting boughs, and deepening to the view,
 Here shoots the broad umbrageous avenue :
 Here various trees compose a chequer'd scene,
 Glowing in gay diversities of green :
 There the full stream, thro' intermingling glades,
 Shines a broad lake, or falls in deep cascades.
 Nor wants there hazle copse, or beechen lawn,
 To cheer with sun or shade the bounding fawn.

And see the good old seat, whose Gothic towers
 Awful emerge from yonder tufted bowers ;
 Whose rafter'd hall the crouding tenants fed,
 And dealt to Age and Want their daily bread :
 Where garter'd knights, with peerless beauties
 At high and solemn festivals have din'd ; [join'd,
 Presenting oft fair virtue's shining task,
 In mystic pageantries, and moral * masque.

But

* It was a fashionable practice among our antient nobility
 and gentry, of both sexes, to perform personally in entertain-
 ments

But vain all antient praise, or boast of birth,
 Vain all the palms of old heroic worth !
 At once a bankrupt, and a prosperous heir,
 Hilario bet. — Park, house dissolve in air.
 With antique armour hung, high trophied rooms
 Descend to gamesters, prostitutes, and grooms.
 He sees his steel-clad fires, and mothers mild,
 Who bravely shook the lance, or sweetly smil'd,
 All the fair series of the whisker'd race,
 Whose pictur'd forms the stately gallery grace,
 Debas'd, abus'd, the price of ill-got gold,
 To deck some tavern vile, at auctions sold.
 The parish wonders at th' unopening door,
 The chimnies blaze, the tables groan no more.
 Thick weeds around th' untrodden courts arise,
 And all the social scene in silence lies.
 Himself, the loss politely to repair,
 Turns atheist, fiddler, highwayman, or player.
 At length, the scorn, the shame of Man and God,
 Is deem'd to rub the steeds that once he rode.

Ye rival youths, your golden hopes how vain,
 Your dreams of thousands on the listed plain !

ments of this kind. Nothing could be a more delightful or
 rational method of spending an evening than this. Milton's
 Comus was thus exhibited at Ludlow-Castle, in the year 1631.
 See Ben Johnson's Masques.

Not

Not more fantastic * Sancho's airy course,
 When madly mounted on the magic horse,
 He pierc'd heaven's opening spheres with dazzled
 And seem'd to soar in visionary skies. [eyes,
 Nor less, I ween, precarious is the meed,
 Of young adventurers, on the Muse's steed ;
 For poets have, like you, their destin'd round,
 And ours is but a race on classic ground.

Long time, soft son of patrimonial ease,
 Hippolitus had eat sirloins in peace :
 Had quaff'd secure, unvex'd by toils or wife,
 The mild October of a rural life :
 Long liv'd with calm domestic conquests crown'd,
 And kill'd his game on safe paternal ground.
 As bland he puff'd the pipe o'er weekly news,
 His bosom kindles with sublimer views.
 Lo there, thy triumphs, Taaff, thy palms, Portmore,
 Tempt him to rein the steed, and stake his store.
 Like a new bruiser on Broughtonic sand,
 Amid the lists our hero takes his stand ;
 Suck'd by the sharper, to the peer a prey,
 He rolls his eyes that witness huge dismay ;
 When lo ! the chance of one unlucky heat,
 Strips him of game, strong beer, and sweet retreat.
 How aukward now he bears disgrace and dirt,
 Nor knows the poor's last refuge, to be pert. —

* Clavileno. See Don Quixote,

The shiftless beggar bears of ills the worst,
 At once with dullness, and with hunger curst.
 And feels the tasteless breast equestrian fires?
 And dwells such mighty rage in graver 'squires?

In all attempts, but for their country, bold,
 Britain, thy conscript counsellors behold;
 (For some perhaps, by fortune favour'd yet,
 May gain a borough, by a lucky bet,)
 Smit with the love of the laconic boot,
 The cap and wig succinct, the silken suit,
 Mere modern Phaetons usurp the reins,
 And scour in rival race New-Market's plains.
 See side by side, the Jockey and Sir John,
 Discuss th' important point—of six to one.
 For oh, my Muse, the deep-felt bliss how dear,
 How great the pride, to gain a Jockey's ear!

See, like a routed host, with headlong pace,
 Thy Members pour amid the mingling race!
 All ask, what crowds the tumult could produce—
 "Is Bedlam or the Commons all broke loose?"
 Such noise and nonsense, betting, damning, sinking,
 Such emphasis of oaths, and claret-drinking!
 Like school-boys freed, they run as chance directs,
 Proud from a well-bred thing to risque their necks.
 The warrior's scar not half so graceful seems,
 As, at New-Market, dislocated limbs.

Thy sages hear, amid th' admiring crowd
 Adjudge the stakes, most eloquently loud:

With

With critic skill, o'er dubious bets preside,
 The low dispute, or kindle, or decide :
 All empty wisdom, and judicious prate,
 Of distanc'd horses gravely fix the fate,
 Guide the nice conduct of a daring match, [watch.
 And o'er th' equestrian rights, with care paternal,
 Mean time, no more the mimic patriots rise,
 To guard Britannia's honour, warm and wise :
 No more in Senates dare assert her laws,
 Nor pour the bold debate in freedom's cause :
 Neglect the counsels of a sinking land,
 And know no rostrum, but New-Market's * Stand.

Are these the sage directive powers design'd,
 With the nice search of a sagacious mind,
 In judgment's scales, the fate of realms to weigh,
 Britannia's interest, trade, and laws survey ?
 O say, when least their sapient schemes are crost,
 Or when a nation, or a match is lost ?
 Who dams and fires with more exactness trace,
 Than of their country's kings the sacred race :
 Think London journies are the worst of ills,
 And set their hands to articles for bills :

* A kind of scaffold, where is held a consistory, made up
 of several very eminent gentlemen, for determining doubtful
 cases in the race, &c. This place might not improperly be
 called, a Pandæmonium.

Strangers

Strangers to all historians sage relate,
 Their's are the memoirs of th' equestrian state :
 Unskill'd in Albion's past and present views,
 Who * Cheny's records for Rapin peruse.

Go on, brave youths, till, in some future age,
 Whips shall become the senatorial badge ;
 Till England see her thronging senators
 Meet all at Westminster, in boots and spurs ;
 See the whole house, with mutual frenzy mad,
 Her patriots all in leathern breeches clad :
 Of bets, for taxes, learnedly debate,
 And guide, with equal reins, a Steed and State.

How would a virtuous † Houhnhym neigh disdain,
 To see his brethren brook th' imperious rein ;
 Bear slavery's wanton whip, or galling goad,
 Smoak thro' the glebe, or trace the destin'd road,
 And robb'd of manhood by the murderous knife,
 Sustain each fordid toil of servile life.

Yet oh, what rage would touch his generous mind,
 To see his sons of more than mortal kind ;
 A kind, with each ingenuous virtue blest,
 That fills the prudent head, or valorous breast,
 Afford diversion to that monster base,
 That meanest spawn of man's half-monkey race ;

* The accurate and annual author of an historical list of
 the running-horses, &c.

† Vide Gulliver's travels, voyage to the Houhnhyms.

In whom pride, avarice, ignorance conspire,
That hated animal, a Yahoo-'squire.

How are th' adventurers of the British race
Chang'd from the chosen chiefs of antient days;
Who, warm'd with genuine glory's honest thirst,
Divinely labour'd in the Pythian dust.
Theirs was the wreath that lifted from the throng,
Theirs was the Theban bard's recording song.
Mean time, to manly emulation blind,
Slaves to each vulgar vice that stains the mind,
Our British Therons issue to the race,
Of their own generous courfers the disgrace.
What tho' the grooms of Greece ne'er took the odds,
They won no bets — but then they soar'd to gods;
And more an Hiero's palm, a Pindar's ode,
Than all the united plates of George bestow'd.

Greece! how I kindle at thy magic name,
Feel all thy warmth, and catch the kindred flame.
Thy solemn scenes, and awful visions rise,
In antient grace, before my musing eyes.
Here Sparta's sons in mute attention hang,
While sage Lycurgus pours the mild harangue;
There Xerxes' hosts, all pale with deadly fear,
Shrink at her * fated Hero's flashing spear.
Here, hung with many a lyre of silver string,
The laureat walks of sweet Ilissus spring:

• Leonidas,

And

And lo where, rapt in beauty's heavenly dream,
Hoar Plato walks his oliv'd Academe. —

Yet ah! no more the seat of art and arms
Delights with wisdom, or with virtue warms,
Lo! the stern Turk, with more than Gothic rage,
Has blasted all the bays of antient age;
No more her groves by sacred feet are trod,
Each Attic Grace has left the lov'd abode.
Fallen is fair Greece! by luxury's pleasing bane
Seduc'd, she drags a barbarous foreign chain.

Britannia watch! O trim thy withering bays,
Remember thou hast rivall'd Græcia's praise,
Great Nurse of works divine! yet oh! beware
Lest thou the fate of Greece, my Country, share.
Recall thy wonted worth with conscious pride,
Thou too hast seen a Solon in a Hyde;
Hast bade thine Edwards and thine Henry's rear,
With Spartan fortitude, the British spear;
Alike hast seen thy sons deserve the meed,
Or of the moral, or the martial deed.

A R E F L E C T I O N

ON SEEING THAT EXCELLENT PICTURE OF BELISARIUS, DRAWN BY VANDYKE.

Poor, blind, and old, see! Belisarius led
 An alms to ask of those his bounty fed:
 Whom he defended, by his lord beknaw'd;
 And circumvented by the wretch he sav'd!
 Do such things startle you? rash thoughts suspend,
 Judge not appearances, but mark the end.
 What if the present is alone reveal'd,
 And all beyond it prudently conceal'd;
 What if the clue, when life's last thread is spun,
 Should to a farther, more extensive, run;
 If here varieties disorders seem,
 Hereafter make a more consistent scheme;
 Why inequalities confusion call?
 'Tis providence in nature, God in all;
 * This shows the value of all earthly things,
 A great man's favours, or the smiles of kings;
 On fortune's slippery ground, who stand elate,
 This day the marks of love, the next of hate.

* The picture.

THE

THE HERTFORDSHIRE GROVE.

BY J. D.

When evening gales allay the summer's heat,
With pleasure I repair to this retreat, [bleat.
While birds around me sing, and flocks around me

They who retirement love this grove revere,
On every side hills crown'd with woods appear,
There venerable elms, majestic beeches here.

Hark ! how the feather'd choir their notes prolong !
The mournful thrush bewails her captive young,
And Philomela bears the burden of the song.

The joyful shepherds, whistling, home repair,
Horses and steers th' approach of night declare,
For shepherds, horses, steers, their daily tasks forbear.

See where the hare just ventures out to graze,
Cautious each hedge and thicket she surveys,
And thro' the brakes and meadows timorously strays !

Here Contemplation dwells with look serene,
Here dwells Content, that enemy to spleen,
And oft by poets here the tuneful Nine are seen.

Ye silent, venerable glades, all hail!
Where sweets of blossom'd limes the smell regale,
Where beauty on each side and dignity prevail.

But hark! the crickets chirp, and warn my Muse
To quit these solemn shades: fresh fall the dews,
And glow-worms o'er the lawn a glimmering light
diffuse.

THE MIDDLESEX GARDEN.

TO MISS H—. IN KENT.

BY THE SAME.

ON a clear fountain's shady brink,
Where flowers spontaneous grow,
Pleas'd I peruse your lines, and think
Of you and B—chb—h.

Imagination for my guide,
On Fancy's wings I soar,
And in your verse I seem "to ride
" Along th' enamell'd shore."

My rhymes, by your example led,
I once again renew:
How can my Muse refrain to tread
The path explor'd by you!

The beauties of the scenes in sight
 She tempts me to rehearse ;
 The beauties of these scenes invite
 The culture of my verse.

Where'er I turn my eyes around
 Unnumber'd charms I view ;
 Here trees with fruits delicious crown'd,
 There flowers of various hue.

A fountain here invites repose,
 And, waving over head,
 Tall firs, in venerable rows,
 Afford a chequer'd shade.

Behold the ivy and the vine
 Together interwove ;
 See fragrant honey-suckles twine
 To form a rich alcove !

The charms of Nature and of Art
 United here we see ;
 Order appears in every part,
 Mix'd with Variety.

Neatness in white apparel here,
 And Delicacy dwell ;
 The notes of birds regale my ear,
 The sweets of flowers my smell.

The leaves and grafs appear fo green,
 The birds fo blithely fing,
 That I can fcarce difcern between
 The autumn and the fpring.

But foon will winter ftrip the woods,
 And frow with leaves the ground,
 And foon in icy chains the floods
 By winter will be bound.

And hark! even now the winds advife
 Thefe shady banks to fhun;
 Then ceafe, my Mufe, quick let us rife,
 And bask in open fun.

KEN.

KENSINGTON GARDENS. A PASTORAL.

BY THE SAME.

WHen now the spring had burst, with genial
power,

Each rosy bud, and open'd every flower,
Thrown his green mantle on the fields and woods,
And brush'd, with balmy gales, the curling floods,
Scarce had the sun dispers'd, with early ray,
The shades of night, and shed the dawn of day,
Scarce had the flocks their dew-dipt fleeces dried,
Or silent anglers reach'd the glassy tide,
When to those bowers, which oft a monarch's care
With Britain's bliss, and Europe's ballance share,
To Kensington's fair bowers, by Love inspir'd,
With lonely step a pensive swain retir'd,
While the blithe bullfinch tun'd his mellow lay,
And the shrill blackbird whistled from the spray.

O for that Muse which first, in nervous strains,
Display'd the splendor of these fairy plains,
Where, by the moon, the dancing Fays were seen,
And royal Kenna glimmer'd on the green,
Eugenia then with equal charms should shine,
And Tickell's Kensington should yield to mine,
While, in a brake conceal'd, I now disclose
What there I heard, and tell the shepherd's woes.

“ Ah ! what avails it me that Nature spreads
 “ Ambrosial fragrance o’er the verdant meads,
 “ That from each bush melodious murmurs fly,
 “ And soft aerial music fills the sky !
 “ Nature, in vain your fragrant flowers you spread,
 “ In vain your songsters warble o’er my head,
 “ Nor flowers my eye, nor music charms my ear,
 “ Not Eden’s self can please ’till Eve appear.
 “ Blest with Eugenia, were I doom’d to seek
 “ The barren hills of Scotland or the Peak,
 “ By Fortune’s frown to dreary deserts sent,
 “ The Fells of Westmorland, or Wealds of Kent,
 “ Even Fortune’s frown her presence would beguile,
 “ And make bleak hills and dreary deserts smile,
 “ Invest each barren plain with bloomy pride,
 “ And give those charms which Nature has denied.
 “ But far from her I seek these lonely bowers,
 “ And sooth with rural tasks the tedious hours ;
 “ Pluck the pale primrose from its velvet bed,
 “ Or stray where cowslips hang the dewy head,
 “ And, pensive, listen to the rustic lay
 “ Of jocund mowers chanting o’er their hay :
 “ Now, wrapt in thought, and lost in devious shades,
 “ With tuneful bards I court th’ inspiring Maids ;
 “ With Thomson thro’ each varying season rove,
 “ Or mourn with Lyttelton in Hagley’s grove ;
 “ Yet even their numbers my distress renew,
 “ In Lucy my Eugenia’s mind I view,

“ Or

" Or in Lavinia's blushing beauties trace
 " The glowing charms that deck her polish'd face,
 " And must these glowing charms, I sighing cry,
 " Still be reveal'd alone to fancy's eye?
 " Now, pleas'd, I listen to the feather'd throng,
 " While Love inspires, and Nature tunes the song:
 " The lark, sweet leader of the glossy train,
 " Tells his shrill tale of love, nor tells in vain;
 " Hoarse thro' the wood the turtle strains her throat,
 " And cooes responsive to the ring-dove's note;
 " While the blithe linnet, in yon hawthorn-spray,
 " Delighted twitters her ecstatic lay:
 " To this soft theme each rising morn attends,
 " And evening hears it when her dew descends;
 " And can Eugenia, whom all charms adorn,
 " As evening mild, unclouded as the morn,
 " Sweet as the lark, high-pois'd in early air,
 " And as the linnet's downy plumage fair,
 " Can she her lover still regardless view,
 " Nor crown a passion like the turtle's true?
 " Oft to these plains enamour'd I retire,
 " Where thy proud turrets, Holland-House, aspire,
 " Where Addison, with courtly Warwick, stray'd,
 " Or with his Tickell moraliz'd the shade:
 " Here, on the prospect gazing with delight, [sight;
 " Hills, woods, and vallies, strain my wondering
 " Here, tipt with gold, the glittering villas rise,
 " There, lost in smoke, they mingle with the skies:

" But short the pleasure which these plains attends;
 " Vain the delight which even this prospect lends;
 " Birth, riches, grandeur, with contempt I view,
 " And wisdom, goodness, truth alone pursue;
 " I boast a love whose flame these objects guide,
 " Nor envy Addison his titled bride;
 " And undelighted all this landscape see,
 " While every thought, Eugenia, turns on thee,
 " And no kind vista points the fair retreat,
 " Where all these virtues now have fix'd their seat.
 " But see! the lightning's momentary gleam
 " Darts thro' the trees, and glimmers on the stream,
 " And distant thunders, with an ample growl,
 " From themes of love and sorrow rouse my soul.
 " Then cease, fond swain! for hark! even now above
 " Heard is your sorrow, and approv'd your love;
 " The sympathizing clouds condole your pain,
 " With you they murmur, and with you complain;
 " The soothing breezes to your sighs reply,
 " And pitying drops soft trickle from the sky.
 " Then fly, fond shepherd, from this gloomy grove,
 " And seek the covert of yon close alcove;
 " There, from all storms, a shelter you may find,
 " But Love, that raging tempest of the mind."

FARE-

FAREWELL TO HOPE. AN ODE.

BY THE SAME.

Hope, sweetest child of Fancy born,
 Tho' transient as the dew of morn,
 Thou who canst charm, with sound and light,
 The deafen'd ear, and darken'd sight,
 And in dry deserts glad the swains
 With bubbling springs, and cultur'd plains;
 No more invent thy airy schemes,
 Nor mock me with fantastic dreams;
 No more thy flattering stories tell,
 Deceitful prattler, Hope, farewell!

Adieu the pleasing prospect, plann'd
 By Fancy's fair delusive hand!
 No more that momentary ray,
 Which gilds by fits a showery day,
 Shall show me, in a distant grove,
 Health, friendship, peace, content and love;
 While many a nymph, and many a youth,
 By Hymen join'd, and crown'd by Truth,
 On verdant hillocks danc'd and play'd,
 Or warbled in the hawthorn shade.

No more, with sweet endearing talk,
 Shalt thou beguile my vernal walk;

No

No more, as thro' the wintry vale,
 We journey on, with many a tale
 Of fancied pleasure, cheer the day,
 And strow with flowers the rugged way,
 Still pointing to that rural cell
 Where Innocence and Stella dwell ;
 Charm with the bubbling of a rill,
 That gushes from the neighbouring hill.

O let me now in silence rove
 Thro' yon sequester'd cypress grove,
 Where, crown'd with leaves of baleful yew,
 And circled by a Stygian crew,
 (When, from the ivy-mantled tower,
 The cock proclaims the midnight hour)
 Pale Melancholy takes her round,
 And o'er the mouldering, hallow'd ground
 Where lovers lie, desponding stands,
 And, dumb with pity, wrings her hands.

While thus, with gloomy thought oppress'd,
 Heart-piercing sorrow heav'd my breast,
 A heavenly form swift gliding by,
 With healing comfort in her eye,
 A look of winning softness cast,
 And thus address me as she pass'd :
 " Mortal, be wise ! and, even in death,
 " Let Hope receive thy parting breath !
 " Securely trust my guardian care,
 " And, led by Reason, shun Despair."

ON A LADY'S SENDING THE AUTHOR
A RIBBON FOR HIS WATCH.

BY THE SAME.

NO fabled knight, in days of yore,
A trophy with more pleasure wore,
Or flowery chaplet in a grove
By some distinguish'd damsel wove,
To grace the warrior's shield decreed,
Or swell the trappings of his steed,
Nor Fielding's * Hero, at the fight
Of Sophy's name, felt more delight,
Or more rejoic'd the muff survey'd,
Which on her arm the Fair display'd,
Than I this ribbon, form'd to deck,
With jetty pride, Narcissa's neck.

Instruction too this gift attends,
For even the least a moral lends;
The smallest insect of a day,
That only flutters to decay,
May bring important truths to view,
And teach us that we're mortal too.
When-e'er I turn my curious eye,
To see how swift the minutes fly,

* Tom Jones, then just published.

Strait will your lov'd idea rise,
 And bid me those swift minutes prize.
 Thus warn'd, your conduct I'll pursue,
 And own my Guide and Genius you,
 Who ne'er neglect the present hour,
 But snatch the moments in your power,
 And, as the Sister Arts inspire,
 The pencil dip, or string the lyre,
 Or, pleas'd, the vacant mind unbend
 In converse with a learned friend,
 Conscious that time flies fast away,
 Nor can your worth prolong its stay,

Thus if I learn, my Fair, from you,
 Whene'er this jetty string I view,
 Wisely the minutes to enjoy,
 And in improving arts employ,
 Much by this ribbon I shall gain,
 And you'll not think it given in vain,

ON SEEING CAPT. CORNWALL'S

MONUMENT IN WESTMINSTER-ABBAY.

BY THE SAME.

THO' Britain's Genius hung his drooping head,
 And mourn'd her antient naval glory fled,
 On that fam'd day when France, combin'd with
 Strove for the wide dominion of the main, [Spain,
 Yet, Cornwall, all, with grateful voice, agree
 To pay the tribute of applause to thee :
 When his bold chief, in thickest fight engag'd,
 Unequal war with Spain's proud leader wag'd,
 With indignation mov'd, he timely came
 To rescue from reproach his country's fame ;
 Success too dearly did his valour crown,
 He sav'd his leader's life—and lost his own.
 Her warlike son Britannia thus repays,
 That latest times may learn the Hero's praise,
 And chiefs, like him, shall unrepining bleed,
 When Senates thus reward the glorious deed.

PRO-

PROLOGUE TO AMALASONT,
QUEEN OF THE GOTHs.

A MS. TRAGEDY BY MR. HUGHES.

BY THE SAME.

OFT have the Chiefs, that deck the letter'd age
Of Greece and Rome, adorn'd the British stage;
To-night, majestic in distress, is seen
A brave, a generous, tho' a Gothic queen;
Who strove to polish with each milder grace,
And soften into men that savage race.
Rever'd at home, abroad with conquest crown'd,
A foe more dangerous in her court she found;
For Love, that tyrant, whose despotic sway
Alike the cottage and the throne obey,
With the bright lustre of a Hero's charms,
By stealth her soft, unguarded bosom warms;
Each answering heart in silken fetters binds,
And forms that tender sympathy of minds,
Which lovers only feel; that source of joy,
Which nought but jealousy can e'er destroy.

So far'd the Heroine, whose untutor'd bands
Struck terror into distant, polish'd lands;
Unskill'd in arts refining to enslave,
Tho' plain their habits, yet their hearts were brave;

They

They learn'd one science only, — to subdue,
 Nor softer music than the trumpet knew ;
 And these, while Rome, to luxury a prey,
 In sloth and folly languish'd life away,
 Swift as a mountain-torrent, rushing forth
 From the bleak caverns of their native North,
 Chas'd learning's votaries from their classic plains,
 And bound the rulers of the world in chains.

Britons, by such examples warn'd, beware,
 Nor share their vices, lest their fate ye share :
 'Twas luxury fore-ran the Grecian doom,
 'Twas luxury that min'd the walls of Rome :
 The servile state of those fam'd empires view,
 But think, O think, they once resembled you.

E P I G R A M S.

BY THE SAME.

IN soft Narcissa's form united shine
 Such female ease, and majesty divine,
 That each beholder must with awe declare
 Apelles' Venus was not half so fair :
 But when the stores of judgment, wit, and sense,
 Her lips with graceful modesty dispense,
 Each hearer owns, with pleasure and surprize,
 That Homer's Pallas was not half so wise.
 These different charms such different passions move,
 Who sees must reverence, but who hears must love.

ON

ON A LADY'S

HURTING HER HAND WITH THE AUTHOR'S
SWORD.

A Fate like mine, as poets sing,
The son of Tydeus found,
Who durst on Beauty's Queen inflict
A sacrilegious wound.

But deeper is the wound I feel,
And keener is the smart,
Since Venus' self must own the hand
Less tender than the heart.

ON THE TWO NAVAL VICTORIES

OF MDCCLIX.

What wonders brave Hawke and Boscawen
have done!
The one burnt the Ocean, the other the Sun.*

* The French admiral's ships, so called.

THE

HORACE, SAT. VII. BOOK II. IMITATED.

BY THE LATE MR. CHRIST. PITT.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN A POET AND HIS
SERVANT.

To enter into the beauties of this satire, it must be remembered, that slaves, among the Romans, during the feasts of Saturn, wore their masters habits, and were allowed to say what they pleased.

SERVANT.

SIR,—I've long waited in my turn to have
A word with you—but I'm your humble slave.

P. What knave is that? my rascal!

S. Sir, 'tis I,

No knave, nor rascal, but your trusty Guy.

P. Well, as your wages still are due, I'll bear
Your rude impertinence this time of year.

S. Some folks are drunk one day, and some forever,
And some, like Wharton, but twelve years together.
Old Evremond, renown'd for wit and dirt,
Would change his living oftener than his shirt;
Roar with the rakes of state a month; and come
To starve another in his hole at home.

VOL. X.

G

So

So rov'd wild Buckingham, the public jest,
 Now some Innholder's, now a monarch's guest;
 His life and politics of every shape,
 This hour a Roman, and the next an ape.
 The gout in every limb from every vice,
 Poor Clodio hir'd a boy to throw the dice.
 Some wench for ever; and their sins on those,
 By custom, fit as easy as their cloaths.
 Some fly, like pendulums, from good to evil,
 And in that point are madder than the devil:
 For they ——

P. To what will these vile maxims tend?
 And where, sweet fir, will your reflections end?

S. In you.

P. In me, you knave? make out your charge.

S. You praise low-living, but you live at large.
 Perhaps you scarce believe the rules you teach,
 Or find it hard to practise what you preach.
 Scarce have you paid one idle journey down,
 But, without business, you're again in town.
 If none invite you, fir, abroad to roam,
 Then — Lord, what pleasure 'tis to read at home!
 And sip your two half-pints, with great delight,
 Of beer at noon, and muddled port at night.
 From * Encombe, John comes thundering at the
 With " Sir, my master begs you to come o'er, [door,

* The seat of John Pitt, esq. in Dorsetshire.

" To pass these tedious hours, these winter nights,
 " Not that he dreads invasions, rogues, or sprites."
 Strait for your two best wigs aloud you call,
 This stiff in buckle, that not curl'd at all.
 " And where, you rascal, are the spurs," you cry;
 " And O! what blockhead laid the buskins by?"
 On your old batter'd mare you'll needs be gone,
 (No matter whether on four legs or none)
 Splash, plunge, and stumble, as you scour the heath,
 All swear at Morden 'tis on life or death:
 Wildly thro' Wareham streets you scamper on,
 Raise all the dogs and voters in the town;
 Then fly for six long dirty miles as bad,
 That Corfe and Kingston gentry think you mad.
 And all this furious riding is to prove
 Your high respect, it seems, and eager love:
 And yet, that mighty honour to obtain,
 Banks, Shaftesbury, Dodington may send in vain.
 Before you go, we curse the noise you make,
 And bless the moment that you turn your back.
 As for myself, I own it to your face,
 I love good eating, and I take my glass:
 But sure 'tis strange, dear sir, that this should be
 In you amusement, but a fault in me.
 All this is bare refining on a name,
 To make a difference where the fault's the same.
 My father sold me to your service here,
 For this fine livery, and four pounds a year.

A livery you should wear as well as I,
 And this I'll prove—but lay your cudgel by.
 You serve your passions—Thus, without a jest,
 Both are but fellow-servants at the best.
 Yourself, good sir, are play'd by your desires,
 A mere tall puppet dancing on the wires.

P. Who, at this rate of talking, can be free?

S. The brave, wise, honest man, and only he:
 All else are slaves alike, the world around,
 Kings on the throne, and beggars on the ground:
 He, sir, is proof to grandeur, pride, or pelf,
 And (greater still) is master of himself:
 Not to-and-fro by fears and factions hurl'd,
 But loose to all the interests of the world:
 And while that world turns round, entire and whole
 He keeps the sacred tenor of his soul;
 In every turn of fortune still the same,
 As gold unchang'd, or brighter from the flame:
 Collected in himself, with godlike pride,
 He sees the darts of envy glance aside;
 And, fix'd like Atlas, while the tempests blow,
 Smiles at the idle storms that roar below.
 One such you know, a layman, to your shame,
 And yet the honour of your blood and name.
 If you can such a character maintain,
 You too are free, and I'm your slave again.

But when in Hemskirk's pictures you delight,
 More than myself, to see two drunkards fight;

“ Fool,

“ Fool, rogue, sot, blockhead,” or such names are mine :

“ Your’s are “ a Connoisseur,” or “ Deep Divine.”

I’m chid for loving a luxurious bit,

The sacred prize of learning, worth and wit :

And yet some sell their lands these bits to buy ;

Then, pray, who suffers most from luxury ?

I’m chid, ’tis true ; but then I pawn no plate,

I seal no bonds, I mortgage no estate.

Besides, high living, sir, must wear you out

With surfeits, qualms, a fever, or the gout.

By some new pleasures are you still engross’d,

And when you save an hour, you think it lost.

To sports, plays, races, from your books you run,

And like all company, except your own.

You hunt, drink, sleep, or (idler still) you rhyme :

Why ? — but to banish thought, and murder time.

And yet that thought, which you discharge in vain,

Like a foul-loaded piece, recoils again.

P. Tom, fetch a cane, a whip, a club, a stone, —

S. For what ?

P. A sword, a pistol, or a gun :

I’ll shoot the dog.

S. Lord ! who would be a wit ?

He’s in a mad, or in a rhyming fit.

P. Fly, fly, you rascal, for your spade and fork ;
For once I’ll set your lazy bones to work.

Fly, or I’ll send you back, without a groat,

To the bleak mountains where you first were caught.

HORACE, EPIST. IV. BOOK I. IMITATED.

BY THE SAME HAND.

TO JOHN PITT, ESQ.

DEAR SIR,

— To all my trifles you attend,
But drop the critic to indulge the friend ;
And with most Christian patience lose your time,
To hear me preach, or pester you with rhyme.
Here with my books or friends I spend the day,
But how at Kingston pass your hours away ?
Say, shall we see some plan with ravish'd eyes,
Some future pile in miniature arise ?
(A model to excel, in every part,
Judicious Jones, or great Palladio's art ;)
Or some new bill, that, when the house is met,
Shall claim their thanks, and pay the nation's debt ?
Or do you study, in the silent wood,
The sacred duties of the wife and good ?
Nature, who form'd you, nobly crown'd the whole
With a strong body, and as firm a soul :
The praise is your's to finish every part
With all th' embellishments of taste and art.
Some see, in canker'd heaps, their riches roll'd,
Your bounty gives new splendor to your gold.

Could

Could your dead father hope a greater bliss,
 Or your surviving parent more than this ?
 Than such a son—a lover of the laws,
 And ever true to honour's glorious cause ;
 Who scorns all parties, tho' by parties fought ;
 Who greatly thinks, and truly speaks his thought,
 With all the chaste severity of sense,
 Truth, judgment, wit, and manly eloquence.
 So, in his youth, great Cato was rever'd,
 By Pompey courted, and by Cæsar fear'd ;
 Both he disdain'd alike with godlike pride ;
 For Rome and Liberty he liv'd—and died !
 In each perfection as you rise so fast,
 Well may you think each day may be your last :
 Uncommon worth is still with fate at strife,
 Still inconsistent with a length of life.
 The future time is never in your power,
 Then 'tis clear gain to seize the present hour :
 Break from your serious thoughts, and laugh away,
 In Pimperm walls, one idle easy day.
 You'll find your rhyming kinsman well in case,
 For ever fix'd to this delicious place ;
 Tho' not like Lynch with corpulence o'ergrown ;
 For he has twenty cures—and I but one.

HOR. EPIST. XVIII. BOOK I. IMITATED.

BY THE SAME HAND.

TO MR. SPENCE, WHEN TUTOR TO THE EARL
OF MIDDLESEX.

S Pence, with a friend you pass the hours away
 In pointed jokes, yet innocently gay :
 You ever differ'd from a flatterer more
 Than a chaste lady from a flaunting whore.
 'Tis true, you railled every fault you found,
 But gently tickled, while you heal'd the wound :
 Unlike the paltry poets of the town,
 Rogues, who expose themselves for half a crown ;
 And still obtrude on every soul they meet
 Rudeness for sense, and ribaldry for wit :
 Who, tho' half-starv'd, in spite of time and place,
 Repeat their rhymes, tho' dinner stays for grace ;
 And, as their poverty their dresses fit,
 They think of course a sloven is a wit :
 But sense (a truth these coxcombs ne'er suspect)
 Lies just 'twixt affectation and neglect.

One step still lower, if you can, descend
 To the mean wretch, the great man's humble friend ;
 That moving shade, that pendant at his ear,
 That two-legg'd dog, still pawing on the Peer :

Studying

Studying his looks, and, watching at the board,
 He gapes to catch the droppings of my lord ;
 And, tickled to the soul at every joke,
 Like a press'd watch repeats what t'other spoke :
 Echo to nonsense ! such a scene to hear !
 'Tis just like Punch and his interpreter.

On trifles some are earnestly absurd ;
 You'll think the world depends on every word.

“ What ! is not every mortal free to speak ?

“ I'll give my reasons, tho' I break my neck.”

And what's the question ? if it shines or rains,
 Whether 'tis twelve or fifteen miles to Stains ?

The wretch, reduc'd to rags by every vice,
 Pride, projects, races, mistresses, and dice,
 The rich rogue shuns, tho' full as bad as he,
 And knows a quarrel is good husbandry.

“ 'Tis strange, cries Peter, you are out of pelf ;

“ I'm sure, I thought you wiser than myself :”

Yet gives him nothing—but advice too late ;

“ Retrench, or rather mortgage your estate :

“ I can advance the sum—'tis best for both—

“ But henceforth cut your coat to match your cloth.”

A minister, in mere revenge and sport,
 Will give his foe a paltry place at court :
 The dupe, for every royal birth-day, buys
 New horses, coaches, cloaths, and liveries ;
 Plies at the levee ; and, distinguish'd there,
 Lives on the royal whisper for a year.

His

His mistress shines in Brussels and brocade;
 And now the wretch, ridiculously mad,
 Draws on his banker, mortgages, and fails,
 Then to the country runs away from jails.
 There, ruin'd by the court, he sells a vote
 To the next burghers, as of old he bought;
 Rubs down the steeds, which once his chariot bore,
 Or sweeps the borough, which he serv'd before.

But, by this roving meteor led, I tend
 Beyond my theme, forgetful of my friend:
 Then take advice; and preach not out of time,
 When good lord Middlesex is bent on rhyme.

Their humour check'd, or inclination crost,
 Sometimes the friendship of the great is lost:
 With innocent amusements still comply,
 Hunt when he hunts, and lay the Fathers by:
 For your reward you gain his love, and dine
 On the best venison, and the best French wine.

Never in wine, or wrath, betray your trust;
 Be silent still, and obstinately just:
 Explore no secrets, draw no characters;
 For echo will repeat, and walls have ears:
 Nor let a busy fool a secret know;
 A secret gripes him 'till he lets it go:
 Words are like bullets, and we wish in vain,
 When once discharg'd, to call them back again.

Defend, dear Spence, the honest and the civil,
 But to cry up a rascal—that's the devil.

Who

Who guards a good man's character, 'tis known,
 At the same time protects and guards his own :
 For as with houses so it fares with names,
 A shed may set a palace all on flames :
 The fire neglected on the cottage preys,
 And mounts at last into a general blaze.
 'Tis a fine thing, some think, a lord to know ;
 I wish his tradesmen could but think so too.
 He gives his word — then all your hopes are gone :
 He gives his honour — then you're quite undone.

Most folks so partial to themselves are grown,
 They hate a temper differing from their own.
 The grave abhor the gay, the gay the sad,
 And formalists pronounce the witty mad :
 The sot, who drinks six bottles in a place,
 Swears at the flinchers who refuse their glafs.
 Would you not pass for an ill-natur'd man,
 Comply with every humour that you can.

Pope will instruct you how to pass away
 Your time like him, and never lose a day ;
 From hopes or fears your quiet to defend,
 To all mankind, as to yourself, a friend ;
 And sacred from the world, retir'd, unknown,
 To lead a life with morals like his own.

When to delicious Pimperm I retire,
 What greater bliss, my Spence, can I desire ?
 Contented there my easy hours I spend
 With maps, globes, books, my bottle, and a friend.

There

There I can live upon my income still,
 Even tho' the house should pass the Quaker's bill :
 Yet to my share should some good prebend fall,
 I think myself of size to fill a stall :
 For life, or health, let heaven my lot assign,
 A firm and even soul shall still be mine.

HOR. EPIST. XIX. BOOK I. IMITATED.

BY THE SAME HAND.

TO MR. LOWTH.

'TIS said, dear sir, no poets please the town,
 Who drink mere water, tho' from Helicon :
 For in cold blood they seldom boldly think ;
 Their rhymes are more insipid than their drink.
 Not great Apollo could the train inspire,
 'Till generous Bacchus help'd to fan the fire :
 Warm'd by two gods at once, they drink and write,
 Rhyme all the day, and tippie all the night.

Homer, says Horace, nods in many a place,
 But hints he nodded oftner o'er the glass.
 Inspir'd with wine old Ennius sung and thought
 With the same spirit that his heroes fought :
 And we from Johnson's tavern-laws divine,
 That Bard was no great enemy to wine.

'Twas

'Twas from the bottle King deriv'd his wit,
 Drank 'till he could not talk, and then he writ.

Let no coif'd serjeant touch the sacred juice,
 But leave it to the bards for better use :
 Let the grave judges too the glass forbear,
 Who never sing, and dance but once a year.
 This truth once known, the poets take the hint,
 Get drunk or mad, and then get into print :
 To raise their flames indulge the mellow fit,
 And lose their senses in the search of wit :
 And when, with claret fir'd, they take the pen,
 Swear they can write, because they drink like Ben.
 Such mimic Swift or Prior to their cost,
 For, in the rash attempt, the fools are lost.
 When once a genius breaks thro' common rules,
 He leads a herd of imitating fools.
 If Pope, the prince of poets, sick a-bed,
 O'er steaming coffee bends his aching head,
 The fools, in public, o'er the fragrant draught,
 Incline those heads that never ach'd or thought ;
 This must provoke his mirth or his disdain,
 Cure his complaint—or make him sick again.

I too, like them, the poet's path pursue,
 And keep great Flaccus ever in my view ;
 But in a distant view — yet what I write,
 In these loose sheets, must never see the light ;

Epistles, odes, and twenty trifles more,
 Things that are born, and die in half an hour.
 "What! you must dedicate," says sneering Spence,
 "This year, some new performance to the prince:
 "Tho' money is your scorn, no doubt, in time,
 "You hope to gain some vacant stall by rhyme;
 "Like other poets, were the truth but known,
 "You too admire whatever is your own."

These wise remarks my modesty confound,
 While the laugh rises, and the mirth goes round;
 Vex'd at the jest, yet glad to shun a fray,
 I whisk into a coach, and drive away.

AN EPISTLE TO MR. SPENCE,

IN IMITATION OF HORACE, EPIST. X. BOOK I.

BY THE SAME.

HHealth from the bard who loves the rural sport,
 To the more noble bard that haunts the court:
 In every other point of life we chime,
 Like two soft lines when coupled into rhyme.
 I praise a spacious villa to the sky,
 You a close garret full five stories high;
 I revel here in Nature's varied sweets,
 You in the nobler scents of London streets.
 I left the court, and here, at ease reclin'd,
 Am happier than the king who stay'd behind:
 Twelve stifling dishes I could scarce live o'er,
 At home I dine with luxury on four.
 Where would a man of judgment chuse a seat,
 But in a wholesome, rural, soft retreat?
 Where hills adorn the mansion they defend?
 Where could he better answer Nature's end?
 Here from the sea the melting breezes rise,
 Unbind the snow, and warm the wintry skies:
 Here gentle gales the dog-star's heat allay,
 And softly breathing cool the sultry day.

How

How free from cares, from dangers and affright,
 In pleasing dreams I pass the silent night !
 Does not the variegated marble yield
 To the gay colours of the flowery field ?
 Can the New-River's artificial streams,
 Or the thick waters of the troubled Thames,
 In many a winding rusty pipe convey'd,
 Or dash'd and broken down a deep cascade,
 With our clear silver streams in sweetness vie,
 That in eternal rills run bubbling by ;
 In dimples o'er the polish'd pebbles pass,
 Glide o'er the sands, or glitter thro' the grass ?
 And yet in town the country prospects please,
 Where stately colonnades are flank'd with trees :
 On a whole country looks the master down
 With pride, where scarce five acres are his own.
 Yet Nature, tho' repell'd, maintains her part,
 And, in her turn, she triumphs over art ;
 The hand-maid now may prejudice our taste,
 But the fair mistress will prevail at last.
 That man must smart, at length, whose puzzled sight
 Mistakes in life false colours for the right ;
 As the poor dupe is sure his loss to rue,
 Who takes a Pinchbeck guinea for a true.
 The wretch, whose frantic pride kind fortune crowns,
 Grows twice as abject when the goddess frowns ;
 As he, who rises when his head turns round,
 Must tumble twice as heavy to the ground.

Then

Then love not grandeur, 'tis a splendid curse ;
 The more the love, the harder the divorce.
 We live far happier by these gurgling springs,
 Than statesmen, courtiers, counsellors, or kings.
 The stag expell'd the courser from the plain ; —
 What can he do ? — he begs the aid of man ;
 He takes the bit, and proudly bears away
 His new ally, — he fights, and wins the day :
 But, ruin'd by success, he strives in vain
 To quit his master, and the curb again.
 So from the fear of want most wretches fly,
 But lose their noblest wealth, their liberty ;
 To their imperious passions they submit,
 Who mount, ride, spur, but never draw the bit.
 'Tis with your fortune, Spence, as with your shoe,
 A large may wrench, a small one wring your toe :
 Then bear your fortune in the golden mean —
 Not every man is born to be a Dean ;
 I'll bear your jeers if ever I am known
 To seek two cures, when scarce I merit one.
 Riches, 'tis true, some service may afford,
 But oftner play the tyrant o'er their lord.
 Money I scorn, but keep a little still,
 To pay my doctor's, or my lawyer's bill.
 From Encombe's soft romantic scenes I write,
 Deep sunk in ease, in pleasure, and delight :
 Yet, tho' her generous lord himself is here,
 'Twould be one pleasure more, could you appear.

THE INVITATION,

AN EPISTLE TO A FRIEND AT COURT.

BY THE SAME.

IF you can leave for books the crouded court,
 And generous Bourdeaux for a glafs of Port,
 To these sweet folitudes, without delay,
 Break from the world's impertinence away.

Soon as the fun the face of nature gilds,
 For health and pleasure will we range the fields;
 O'er her gay scenes and opening beauties run,
 While all the vast creation is our own.
 But when his golden globe, with faded light,
 Yields to the solemn empire of the night;
 And, in her sober majesty, the moon
 With milder glories mounts her silver throne;
 Amidst ten thousand orbs with splendor crown'd,
 That pour their tributary beams around,
 Thro' the long levell'd tube our strengthen'd sight
 Shall mark distinct the spangles of the night;
 From world to world shall dart the boundless eye,
 And stretch from star to star, from sky to sky.

The buzzing insect families appear,
 When suns unbind the rigour of the year;

Quick

Quick glance the myriads round the evening bower,
 Hosts of a day, or nations of an hour.
 Astonish'd we shall see th' unfolding race,
 Stretch'd out in bulk, within the polish'd glass;
 'Thro' whose small convex a new world we spy,
 Ne'er seen before, but by a seraph's eye!
 So long in darkness, shut from human kind,
 Lay half God's wonders to a point confin'd!
 But in one peopled drop we now survey,
 In pride of power, some little monster play;
 O'er tribes invisible he reigns alone,
 And struts a tyrant of a world his own.

Now will we study Homer's awful page,
 Now warm our souls with Pindar's noble rage:
 To English lays shall Flaccus' lyre be strung,
 And lofty Virgil speak the British tongue.
 Immortal Virgil! at thy sacred name
 I tremble now, and now I pant for fame;
 With eager hopes this moment I aspire
 To catch, or emulate thy glorious fire;
 The next pursue the rash attempt no more,
 But drop the quill, bow, wonder, and adore;
 By thy strong genius overcome and aw'd!
 That fire from heaven! that spirit of a God!
 Pleas'd and transported with thy name I tend
 Beyond my theme, forgetful of my friend;
 And from my first design, by rapture led,
 Neglect the living poet for the dead.

ODE TO JOHN PITT, ESQ.

ADVISING HIM TO BUILD A BANQUETING-HOUSE
ON A HILL THAT OVERLOOKS THE SEA.

From this tall promontory's brow
You look majestic down,
And see extended wide below
Th' horizon all your own.

With growing piles the vales are crown'd,
Here hills peep over hills;
There the vast sky and sea profound
Th' increasing prospect fills.

O bid, my friend, a structure rise,
And this huge round command;
Then shall this little point comprise
The ocean and the land.

Then you, like Æolus, on high,
From your aerial tower,
Shall see secure the billows fly,
And hear the whirlwinds roar.

You, with a smile, their rage despise,
'Till some sad wreck appears,
And calls, from your relenting eyes,
The sympathizing tears.

Thus may you view, with proud delight,
While winds the deep deform,
(Till human woes your grief excite)
All nature in a storm.

Majestic, awful scene! when hurl'd,
On surges, surges rise,
And all the heaving watry world
Tumultuous mounts the skies.

The seas and thunder roar by turns,
By turns the peals expire;
The billows flash, and ether burns
With momentary fire.

But lo! the furious tempests cease,
The mighty rage subsides;
Old ocean hush'd, in solemn peace,
Has still'd the murmuring tides.

Spread wide abroad, the glassy plain,
In various colours gay,
Reflects the glorious sun again,
And doubly gilds the day.

Th' horizon glows from side to side,
And flames with glancing rays;
The floating, trembling, silver tide,
Is one continual blaze.

Your eyes the prospect now command,
 All uncontroul'd and free,
 Fly like a thought from land to land,
 And dart from sea to sea.

Thus, while above the clouds we sit,
 And, innocently gay,
 Pass in amusements, wine, or wit,
 The sultry hours away.

Sometimes, with pity, or disdain,
 In thought a glance we throw
 Down on the poor, the proud, the vain,
 In yonder world below.

We see, from this exalted seat,
 (How shrunk, reduc'd, confin'd !)
 The little person of the great,
 As little as his mind.

See there — amidst the crowds our view
 Some scatter'd virtues strike ;
 But those so throng'd, and these so few,
 The world looks all alike.

Yet, thro' this cloud of human kind,
 The Talbots we survey,
 The Pitts, the Yorks, the Seckers find,
 Who shine in open day.

T O T H E S A M E,

ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

O'ER curious models as you rove
 The vales with piles to crown,
 And great Palladio's plans improve
 With nobler of your own ;

O bid a structure o'er the floods
 From this high mountain rise,
 Where we may sit enthron'd like gods,
 And revel in the skies.

Th' ascending breeze, at each repast,
 Shall breathe an air divine,
 Give a new brightness to the taste,
 New spirit to the wine.

Or these low pleasures we may quit
 For banquets more refin'd,
 The works of each immortal wit
 The luxury of the mind.

Plato, or Boyle's, or Newton's page
 Our towering thoughts shall raise,
 Or Homer's fire, or Pindar's rage,
 Or Virgil's lofty lays.

Or with amusive thoughts the Sea
 Shall entertain the mind,
 While we the rolling scene survey,
 An emblem of mankind.

Where, like sworn foes, successive all,
 The furious surges run,
 To urge their predecessor's fall,
 Tho' follow'd by their own.

Where, like our moderns so profound,
 Engag'd in dark dispute,
 The skuttles cast their ink around
 To puzzle the dispute.

Where sharks, like shrewd directors, thrive,
 Like lawyers, rob at will ;
 Where flying-fish, like trimmers live ;
 Like soldiers, sword-fish kill.

Where on the less the greater feed,
 The tyrants of an hour,
 'Till the huge royal whales succeed,
 And all at once devour.

Thus in the moral world we now
 Too truly understand,
 Each monster of the sea below
 Is match'd by one at land.

ON MRS. WALKER'S POEMS,

PARTICULARLY THAT ON THE AUTHOR.

Blush, Wilmot, blush ; a female muse,
 Without one guilty line,
 The tender theme of love pursues
 In softer strains than thine.

'Tis thine the passion to blaspheme,
 'Tis her's with wit and ease
 (When a mere nothing is the theme)
 Beyond thyself to please.

Then be to her the prize decreed,
 Whose merit has prevail'd ;
 For what male poet can succeed,
 If Rochester has fail'd ?

Since Phœbus quite forgetful grows,
 And has not yet thought fit,
 In his high wisdom, to impose
 A salue law on wit ;

Since of your rights he takes no care,
 Ye Priors, Popes, and Gays ;
 'Tis hard ! — but let the women wear
 The breeches and the bays.

VERSES ON A FLOWERED CARPET,

WORKED BY THE YOUNG LADIES AT KINGSTON.

When Pallas saw the piece her pupils wrought,
She stood long wondering at the lovely
draught :

“ And, Flora, now (she cried) no more display
Thy flowers, the trifling beauties of a day :
For see ! how these with life immortal bloom,
And spread and flourish for an age to come !
In what unguarded hour did I impart
To these fair virgins all my darling art ?
In all my wit I saw these rivals shine,
But this one art I thought was always mine :
Yet lo ! I yield ; their mistress now no more,
But proud to learn from these I taught before.
For look, what vegetable sense is here !
How warm with life these blushing leaves appear !
What temper'd splendors o'er the piece are laid !
Shade steals on light, and light dies into shade.
Thro' heaven's gay bow less various beauties run,
And far less bright, tho' painted by the sun.
See in each blooming flower what spirit glows !
What vivid colours flush the opening rose !
In some few hours thy lilly disappears ;
But this shall flourish thro' a length of years,

See

See unfelt winters pass successive by,
 And scorn a mean dependence on the sky.
 And oh! may Britain, by my counsels sway'd,
 But live and flourish, 'till these flowers shall fade!
 Then go, fond Flora, go, the palm resign
 To works more fair and durable than thine:
 For I, even I, in justice yield the crown
 To works so far superior to my own."

ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

ON this fair ground, with ravish'd eyes,
 We see a second Eden rise,
 As gay and glorious as the first,
 Before th' offending world was curst.
 While these bright nymphs the needle guide,
 To paint the rose in all her pride,
 Nature, like her, may blush to own
 Herself so far by art outdone.
 These flowers she rais'd with all her care,
 So blooming, so divinely fair!
 The glorious children of the sun,
 That David's regal heir out-shone,
 Were scarce like one of these array'd;
 They died, but these shalt never fade.

ON

ON THE ART OF PREACHING.

A FRAGMENT.

IN IMITATION OF HORACE'S ART OF POETRY.

— Pendent opera interrupta —

Should some fam'd hand, in this fantastic age,
 Draw Rich, as Rich appears upon the stage,
 With all his postures, in one motley plan,
 The god, the hound, the monkey, and the man;
 Here o'er his head high brandishing a leg,
 And there just hatch'd, and breaking from his egg;
 While monster crouds on monster thro' the piece,
 Who could help laughing at a sight like this?
 Or as a drunkard's dream together brings
 A court of cobblers, and a mob of kings;
 Such is a sermon, where, confus'dly dark,
 Join Hoadly, Sharp, South, Sherlock, Wake, and
 So eggs of different parishes will run [Clarke.
 To batter, when you beat six yolks to one;
 So six bright chymic liquors if you mix,
 In one dark shadow vanish all the six.

This licence priests and painters ever had,
 To run bold lengths, but never to run mad;

For

For those can't reconcile God's grace to sin,
 Nor these paint tygers in an ass's skin;
 No common dauber in one piece would join
 A fox and goose, — unless upon a sign.

Some steal a page of sense from Tillotson,
 And then conclude divinely with their own;
 Like oil on water mounts the prelate up,
 His grace is always sure to be at top;
 That vein of mercury its beams will spread,
 And shine more strongly thro' a mine of lead.
 With such low arts your hearers never bilk,
 For who can bear a fustian lin'd with silk?
 Sooner than preach such stuff, I'd walk the town,
 Without my scarf, in Whiston's draggled gown;
 Ply at the Chapter, and at Child's, to read
 For pence, and bury for a groat a head.

Some easy subject chuse, within your power,
 Or you will ne'er hold out for half an hour.
 Still to your hearers all your sermons sort;
 Who'd preach against corruption at a court?
 Against church power at visitations bawl?
 Or talk about damnation at Whitehall?
 Harangue the Horse-guards on a cure of souls?
 Condemn the quirks of Chancery at the Rolls?
 Or rail at hoods and organs at St. Pauls?
 Or be, like David Jones, so indiscreet,
 To rave at usurers in Lombard-street?

Begin

Begin with care, nor, like that curate vile,
 Set out in this high prancing stumbling style :
 " Whoever with a piercing eye can see
 " Thro' the past records of futurity ?"
 All gape, no meaning : — the puffed orator
 Talks much, and says just nothing for an hour.
 Truth and the text he labours to display,
 Till both are quite interpreted away :
 So frugal dames insipid water pour,
 Till green, bohea, or coffee are no more.
 His arguments in giddy circles run
 Still round and round, and end where they begun :
 So the poor turnspit as the wheel runs round,
 The more he gains, the more he loses ground.
 No parts distinct, or general scheme we find,
 But one wild shapeless monster of the mind :
 So when old bruin teems, her children fail
 Of limbs, form, figure, features, head or tail ;
 Nay, tho' she licks the ruins, all her cares
 Scarce mend the lumps, and bring them but to bears.

Ye country vicars, when you preach in town
 A turn at Paul's, to pay your journey down,
 If you would shun the sneer of every prig,
 Lay by the little band, and rusty wig :
 But yet be sure, your proper language know,
 Nor talk as born within the sound of Bow.
 Speak not the phrase that Drury-lane affords,
 Nor from Change-alley steal a cant of words.

Coachmen

Coachmen will criticise your style, nay further,
 Porters will bring it in for wilful murther :
 The dregs of the canaille will look askew
 To hear the language of the town from you ;
 Nay, my lord mayor, with merriment possest,
 Will break his nap, and laugh among the rest,
 And jog the aldermen to hear the jest. }

• • • • •

A N E P I T A P H

INSCRIBED ON A STONE, THAT COVERS HIS
 FATHER, MOTHER, AND BROTHER.

YE sacred spirits ! while your friends distress'd
 Weep o'er your ashes, and lament the bless'd ;
 O let the pensive Muse inscribe that stone,
 And with the general sorrows mix her own :
 The pensive Muse ! — who, from this mournful hour,
 Shall raise her voice, and wake the string no more !
 Of love, of duty this last pledge receive ;
 'Tis all a brother, all a son can give.

EPI TAPH ON DR. KEIL,

THE LATE FAMOUS ASTROLOGER.

Beneath this stone the world's just wonder lies,
 Who, while on earth, had rang'd the spacious
 Around the stars his active soul had flown, [skies;
 And seen their courses finish'd ere his own:
 Now he enjoys those realms he could explore,
 And finds that heaven he knew so well before.
 He thro' more worlds his victory pursued
 Than the brave Greek could wish to have subdued;
 In triumph ran one vast creation o'er,
 Then stop'd, — for Nature could afford no more.
 With Cæsar's speed, young Ammon's noble pride,
 He came, saw, vanquish'd, wept, return'd, and died.

N. B. All the pieces, from page 100 to this inclusive, were
 written by Mr. C. Pitt.

PART OF SAT. VI. BOOK II. OF HORACE,
TRANSLATED.

BEGINNING AT, PERDITUR HÆC INTER MISER
LUX, NON SINE VOTIS, &c.

CONsum'd in trifles, thus the golden day
Steals, not without this ardent wish, away;
When shall I see my peaceful country farm,
My fancy when with antient authors charm?
Or, lull'd to sleep, the cares of life elude
In sweet oblivion of solicitude?
O, for those beans which my own fields provide!
Deem'd by Pythagoras to man allied;
The savoury pulse serv'd up in platters nice,
And herbs high-relish'd with the bacon slice!
O, tranquil nights in pleasing converse spent,
Ambrosial suppers that might gods content!
When with my chosen friends (delicious treat!)
Before the household deities we eat;
The slaves themselves regale on choicest meat. }
Free from mad laws we sit reclin'd at ease,
And drink as much, or little, as we please.
Some quaff large bumpers that expand the soul,
And some grow mellow with a moderate bowl.
We never talk of this man's house or vill,
Or whether Lepos dances well or ill:

But of those duties which ourselves we owe,
 And which 'tis quite a scandal not to know :
 As whether wealth or virtue can impart
 The truest pleasure to the human heart :
 What should direct us in our choice of friends,
 Their own pure merit, or our private ends :
 What we may deem, if rightly understood,
 Man's sovereign bliss, his chief, his only good.

Mean-time my friend, old Cervius, never fails
 To cheer our converse with his pithy tales :
 Praise but Arellius, or his ill-got store,
 His fable thus begins : " In days of yore
 A country mouse within his homely cave
 A treat to one of note, a courtier, gave ;
 A good plain mouse our host, who lov'd to spare
 Those heaps of forage he had glean'd with care ;
 Yet on occasion would his soul unbend,
 And feast with hospitality his friend :
 He brought wild oats and vetches from his hoard ;
 Dried grapes and scraps of bacon grac'd the board :
 In hopes, no doubt, by such a various treat,
 To tempt the dainty traveller to eat.
 Squat on fresh chaff, the master of the feast
 Left all the choicest viands for his guest,
 Nor one nice morsel for himself would spare,
 But gnaw'd coarse grain, or nibbled at a tare.
 At length their slender dinner finish'd quite,
 Thus to the rustic spoke the mouse polite :

' How

' How can my friend a wretched being drag
 ' On the bleak summit of this airy crag ?
 ' Say, do you still prefer this barbarous den
 ' To polish'd cities, savages to men ?
 ' Come, come with me, nor longer here abide,
 ' I'll be your friend, your comrade, and your guide.
 ' Since all must die that draw this vital breath,
 ' Nor great nor small can shun the shafts of death ;
 ' 'Tis ours to sport in pleasures while we may ;
 ' For ever mindful of life's little day.'

These weighty reasons sway'd the country mouse,
 And light of heart he sallied from his house,
 Resolv'd to travel with this courtly spark,
 And gain the city when securely dark.

Now midnight hover'd o'er this earthly ball,
 When our small gentry reach'd a stately hall,
 Where brightly glowing, stain'd with Tyrian dye,
 On ivory couches richest carpets lie ;
 And in large baskets, rang'd along the floor,
 The rich collation of the night before.
 On purple bed the courtier plac'd his guest,
 And with choice cates prolong'd the grateful feast ;
 He carv'd, he serv'd, as much as mouse could do,
 And was his waiter, and his taster too.
 Joy seiz'd the rustic as at ease he lay ;
 This happy change had made him wondrous gay —
 When lo ! the doors burst open in a trice,
 And at their banquet terrified the mice :

They start, they tremble, in a deadly fright,
 And round the room precipitate their flight;
 The high-roof'd room with hideous cries resounds
 Of baying mastiffs, and loud-bellowing hounds:
 Then thus the rustic in the courtier's ear;
 ' Adieu! kind sir! I thank you for your cheer:
 ' Safe in my cell your state I envy not;
 ' Tares be my food, and liberty my lot!" F.

A PARODY ON THE CITY AND COUNTRY MOUSE.

A Country vicar in his homely house,
 Pleas'd with his lot, and happy in his spouse,
 With simple diet, at his humble board,
 Once entertain'd the chaplain of a lord;—
 He gave him (all he could) a little fish,
 With sauce of oysters, in no silver dish;
 And, for the craving stomach's sure relief,
 The glory of Old England, rare Roast-beef,
 Horse-radish and potatoes, Ireland's pride;
 A pudding too the prudent dame supplied:
 Their cheering beverage was a pint of port
 (Tho' small the quantum) of the better sort;
 But plenty of good beer, both small and stout,
 With wine of elder to prevent the gout.

The

The vicar hop'd, by such a various treat,
 To tempt his scarf-embellish'd friend to eat;
 With nicest bits provok'd his guest to dine,
 He carv'd the haddock, and he serv'd the wine:
 Content his own sharp stomach to regale
 With plain, substantial roast-meat, and mild ale.
 Our courtly chaplain, as we may suppose,
 At such old-fashion'd commons curl'd his nose;
 He tried in vain to piddle, and, in brief,
 Pish'd at the pudding, and declin'd the beef;—
 At length, their homely dinner finish'd quite,
 Thus to the vicar spoke the priest polite:

‘ How can my brother in this paltry town
 ‘ Live undistinguish'd, to the world unknown?
 ‘ And not exalt your towering genius higher,
 ‘ Than here to herd with country clown—or squire;
 ‘ Stunn'd with the discord of hoarse cawing rooks,
 ‘ The roar of winds, the dissonance of brooks,
 ‘ Which discontented thro' the valley stray,
 ‘ Plaintive and murmuring at their long delay.
 ‘ Come, come with me, nor longer here abide;
 ‘ You've friends in town, and I will be your guide:
 ‘ Soon great preferment to your share will fall,
 ‘ A good fat living, or perhaps—a stall.’

These weighty reasons sway'd the vicar's mind—
 To town he hied, but left his wife behind:—
 Next levee-day he waited on his Grace,
 With hundreds more, who bow'd to get a place;
Shov'd

Shov'd in the croud, he stood amaz'd to see
 Lords who to Baal bent the supple knee,
 And doctors sage he could not but admire,
 Who stoop'd profoundly low — to rise the higher.
 So much of ermine, lace, beaus, bishops, young and
 'Twas like a cloud of fable edg'd with gold : [old,
 By turns his Grace the servile train addrest,
 Pleas'd with a smile, or in a whisper blest.
 Sick of the scene, the vicar fought the door,
 Determin'd never to see London more ;
 But, as his friend had pleas'd the hour to fix,
 First went to dinner to my Lord's at fix ; —
 He knock'd — was usher'd to the room of state,
 (My Lord abroad) and dinner serv'd in plate ;
 Which, tho' it seem'd but common soup and hash,
 Was really callipee and callipash,
 (The relicks of the gaudy day before)
 What Indians eat, and Englishmen adore ;
 With bright champaign the courtier crown'd the
 Sooth'd his own pride, and gratified his guest : [feast,
 All this conspir'd our Stoic to controul,
 And warp't the steady purpose of his soul —
 When lo ! the cry of fire creates amaze —
 " The next house, Lady Riot's, in a blaze " —
 Aghast the vicar stood, in wild affright,
 Then briefly thus address'd the priest polite :
 " Adieu, my friend — your state I envy not —
 " Beef, liberty, and safety be my lot."

HORACE, EPIST. V. BOOK I. IMITATED.

TO JOHN H—H, ESQ.

IF you, dear sir, will deign to pass a day
 In the fair vale of Orpington and Cray,
 And live for once as humble vicars do;
 On Thursday let me see you here by two.
 Expect no niceties my plates to foul,
 But Bansted mutton, and a barn-door fowl.
 My friends with generous liquors I regale,
 Good port, old hock, or, if they like it, ale;
 But if of richer wine you chuse a quart,
 Why bring, and drink it here—with all my heart.
 Plain is my furniture, as is my treat,
 For 'tis my best ambition, To be neat.
 Leave then all fordid views, and hopes of gain,
 To mortals miserable, mad, or vain;
 Put the last polish to th' historic page,
 And cease awhile to moralize the age.
 By your sweet converse cheer'd, the live-long day
 Will pass unnotic'd, like the stream, away.
 Why should kind Providence abundance give,
 If we, like niggards, can't afford to live?
 The wretched miser, poor 'midst heaps of pelf,
 To cram his heir, most madly starves himself—
 So will not I—give me good wine and ease,
 And let all misers call me fool that please.

What cannot wine? — it opens all the soul;
 Faint Hope grows brilliant o'er the sparkling bowl:
 Wine's generous spirit makes the coward brave,
 Gives ease to kings, and freedom to the slave:
 Bemus'd in wine the Bard his duns forgets,
 And drinks serene oblivion to his debts:
 Wine drives all cares, and anguish from the heart,
 And dubs us Connoisseurs of every art:
 Whom does not wine with eloquence inspire?
 The bousy beggar struts into a squire.
 This you well know — to me belongs to mind
 That neatness with frugality be join'd;
 That no intruding Blab, with itching ears,
 Darken my doors, who tells whate'er he hears;
 Two D—s, each a poet, with me dine,
 Your friends, and decent C—n; a divine:
 There's room for more — so to complete the band,
 Your wife will bring fair * Innocence in hand.
 Should Cave want copy, let the teaser wait,
 While you steal secret thro' the garden gate.

F.

* The name of a very agreeable young lady.

S A L T W A T E R.

BY A GENTLEMAN OF THE NAVY.

O ! sure the greedy wretch is pent
 In endless chains of deep damnation,
 Who first to plague us did invent
 The curfed art of navigation.

When to the wind we spread our fails,
 Upon the pathless ocean strolling,
 Cramm'd in a tub, stuck full of nails,
 Like Regulus we die with rolling.

A plague upon the nauseous brine,
 What benefit receive we from it ?
 Unless with rank disease we pine,
 And use it for a purge or vomit.

While Eve in innocence did dwell,
 Her water in fresh rills descended,
 But soon as she to folly fell,
 The violet stream with brine was blended.

The race of men in antient times
 Were bent on rapine, and on slaughter,
 When heaven, incensed at their crimes,
 Decreed their deaths, and sent salt water.

And when those heavy judgments past
 On Ægypt, for her plagues renowned,
 Salt water was reserv'd the last,
 And Pharoah and his host were drowned.

When we who now are turn'd to fish,
 And with the scurvy grown all scaly,
 And made for shark a curious dish,
 While over-board we're tumbled daily :

May you who on the land abide
 Our element to mourn us borrow,
 Let fall of tears a briny tide,
 Salt water is the mark of sorrow.

CON-

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